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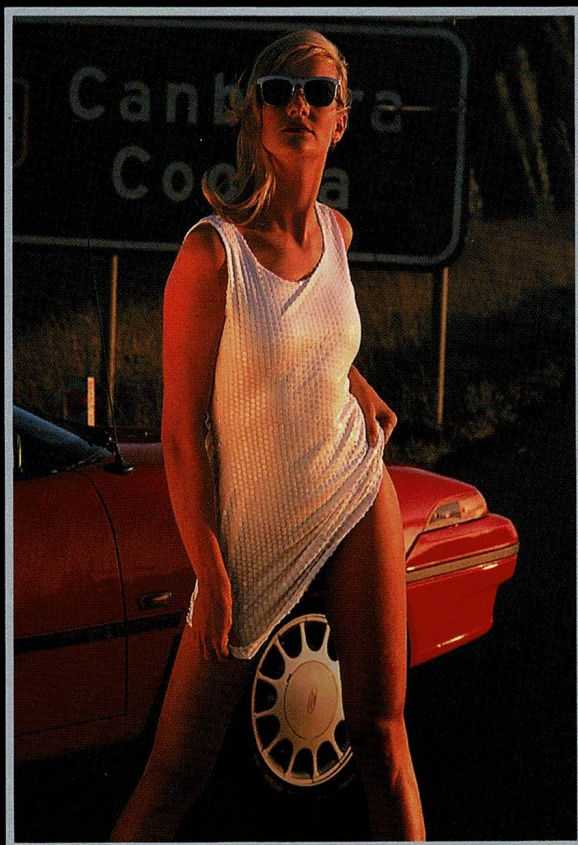
PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1992

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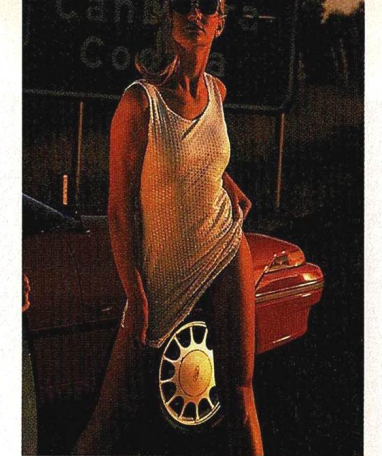


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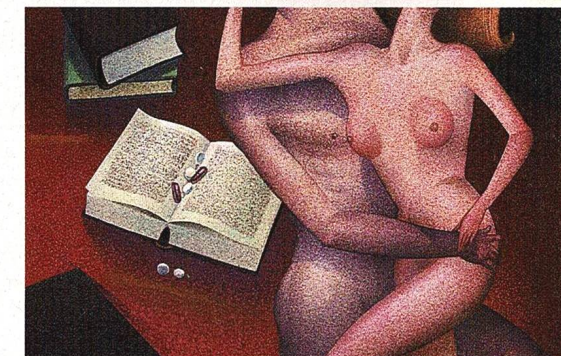


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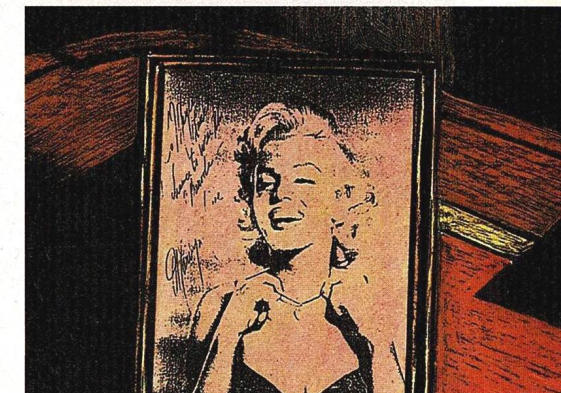
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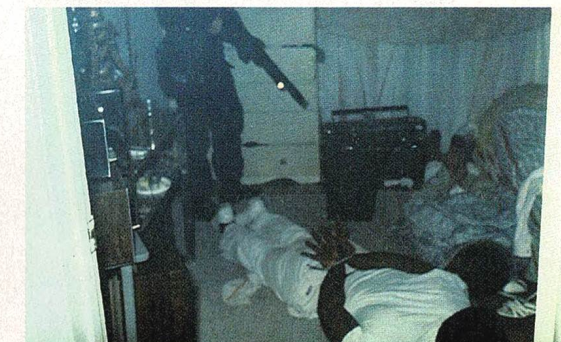
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SEPTEMBER



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housecall



Nigel Buchanan

HIGH INTELLIGENCE

More intelligence, longer life, bigger erections — all of this from the taking of a few pills. And they're legal. Sounds like a joke, but there are already more than 100,000 Americans and countless Japanese and Europeans taking it very seriously. Loosely known as Smart Drugs, these pharmaceuticals are the cornerstone of a drug revolution that is set to take Australia by storm. **Mark Abernethy** reports on page 34. **Nigel Buchanan** did the illustration.

MISSING PERSONS

South East Asia is a place that harbours many mysteries. Two such riddles involve famous Americans who went missing there during the Sixties. Scion of the American Rockefeller dynasty, Michael Rockefeller, went missing at an Irian Jaya river mouth in 1961 while collecting artefacts. Former spy-turned-Thai-silk-knitting, Jim Thompson, went missing in the Malaysian highlands in 1967. Neither man's body was ever found and there are theories that both men are still alive. On page 92 **Linda Mack** and **Madeleine Doherty** reveal two mysteries that won't go away.



Jim Thompson



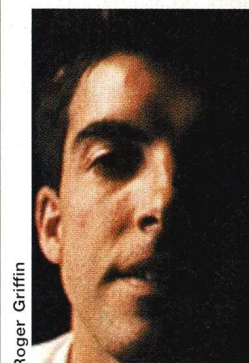
Brett Stevens

ARMED RESPONSE

Police forces around the world have special units that deal with the modern crime spectre of the armed siege. The acknowledged siege capital of the world is Los Angeles, where the incidence of the crime has spawned the infamous SWAT police unit — a hard-bitten group of cops that get showered with as many brick bats as bouquets. **Brett Stevens** spent time with the SWAT cops and reports on their internal affairs with words and photos. Turn to page 66.

BRISBANE BY NIGHT

Brisbane is the home of Wally Lewis, XXXX beer and the largest city council in Australia. It's also home to an ever increasing number of Pacific Islanders from New Zealand. In this month's chapter of our Nightlife series, Brisbane journo **Morgan Reed** follows the Friday night fortunes and follies of Tui — a Kiwi night-clubber with more sense than money, and a world view that defies description. Find the story and **James McEwan's** photos on page 80.



Roger Griffin

THE PORN TICKET

Richard Thackeray is a lowlife private investigator on the wrong side of The Law. He is the last person you'd expect to be chased by the American FBI and be the central figure in a global conspiracy. But that's exactly where Thackeray finds himself after a 1960's porn movie he is given creates a trail of dead people that could see him next on the list. What is captured on the movie, and who are the actors? Find out on page 50 in **Roger Raftery's** latest work of fiction. Illustration by **Roger Griffin**.

feedback

Safe sex

I look forward to the mag every month — I love the pictures and the articles. "High Tide" in the May '92 edition was brilliant. I am, however, starting to get a little worried about the Forum section. The letters are titillating reading but the writers don't seem to know about safe sex. The massive publicity and awareness campaigns about AIDS and STDs appear not to have reached some people.

Just about every kid over the age of ten has read *Penthouse*. (Dad's copies were always easy to find, no matter how hard he tried to hide them.) Forum was always the favourite, but unfortunately the message of safe sex was never addressed. I'm no Fred Nile — in fact I hate him — so don't think I'm whining. It's just that prevention is best, as there is no cure.

I believe *Penthouse* has a role to play in educating Australia's young people on the dangers of unprotected sex. AIDS isn't a joke that happens to "drug-gies" and "poofers" — it can happen to any sexually active male or female, and it's fatal.

There's plenty of room in a wallet or purse for a couple of condoms, and there's no excuse not to do as we're told: be safe, be sure, wear a fucking condom. — *Armin Miller, Largs Bay, SA*

All gold

Congratulations on your July issue, which featured the fantastic legs of Justine Adams. We'd like to see more of her in a later issue. Truly a treat for this reader.

I reckon the articles in the July issue were good, too, although the "Nightlife" pictures took some digesting! More articles like "Angel Of Passion" would be great. How many other women are "working" in small towns around Australia? — *Name and address withheld*

Pilates

I refer to your article on the Pilates method by Mark Abernethy in the June '92 issue. The statement that "Body Control Australia is this country's only company offering the Pilates method" is incorrect.

My name is Megan Williams and I'm quite well known as an actress of stage



Justine Adams — great legs

and screen (*Sullivans, Anzacs, Cats*, etc). I am also a manager/instructor of my own Pilates studio situated in the Sydney Dance Company's Wharf studios, where we have been open for over a year.

Apart from myself, there are three other Pilates-based studios: Craig Phillips' Dance Medicine Centre, Vic; Andrew Baxter, Australian Ballet School, Vic; and Nicole Vass, Adelaide. — *Megan Williams, Harbord, NSW*

Golden girl

Thank you for your article, "Golden Girl", on Olympic hopeful Jane Flemming in the June '92 issue.

I, like many Australians, am ashamed of the rampant "Tall Poppy" syndrome that exists in this country. It's an attitude that affects all Aussie achievers from millionaires and entertainers to artists and sports people.

I was happy to read Richard McKinnon's piece on Flemming because for some reason this feisty and ambitious athlete has managed to annoy the athletics hierarchy for the very qualities

that should be encouraged in athletes — ie: courage, honesty and a self-pride that can sometimes be mistaken for arrogance.

Who can forget Flemming's omission from the Australian team to the Auckland games two years ago? It seemed at the time that her only crime was having faith in herself and not apologising for the fact. But she went to the Games anyway and came home with gold.

As I write this, I have just heard that Flemming has qualified for the Australian team to Barcelona.

Good luck Jane, and thank you *Penthouse* for reminding us that our Tall Poppies are where they are because they deserve the success they strived for. — *G. Woods, Hobart, Tas*

Grave concern

Penthouse is renowned for its high-quality articles and photographs. Although this time I think you may have gone too far. I feel the picture of the dead young black man in Brett Stevens's article "Cops'n'the Hood" (June edition) is a little tasteless, considering the events of the last few months.

I realise the article was dealing with a serious problem. However, I believe you can convey the same message without showing a corpse. — *Edward Kline, Melbourne, Vic*

Wrestling Pet

As I flicked through my June edition of *Australian Penthouse*, one of the pictorials caught my eye. I could hardly believe what I saw.

Your "Wrestling Pet", Savannah Lee, brought back memories from my Navy days, and I'm sure there are other swabs out there who would share my feelings.

I remember Ms Lee from the several times I saw her perform while on leave at Pearl Harbour. Although in those days she was covered in mud and having her clothes torn from her by other muddy women. She was always the crowd's favourite.

It was great to see Savannah in more demure poses, showing what a truly magnificent woman she is. But I fear there's a whole disappointed generation of swabbies who will never get to meet the woman who gave so many sailors so much entertainment. — *Jake, Mt Isa, Qld*

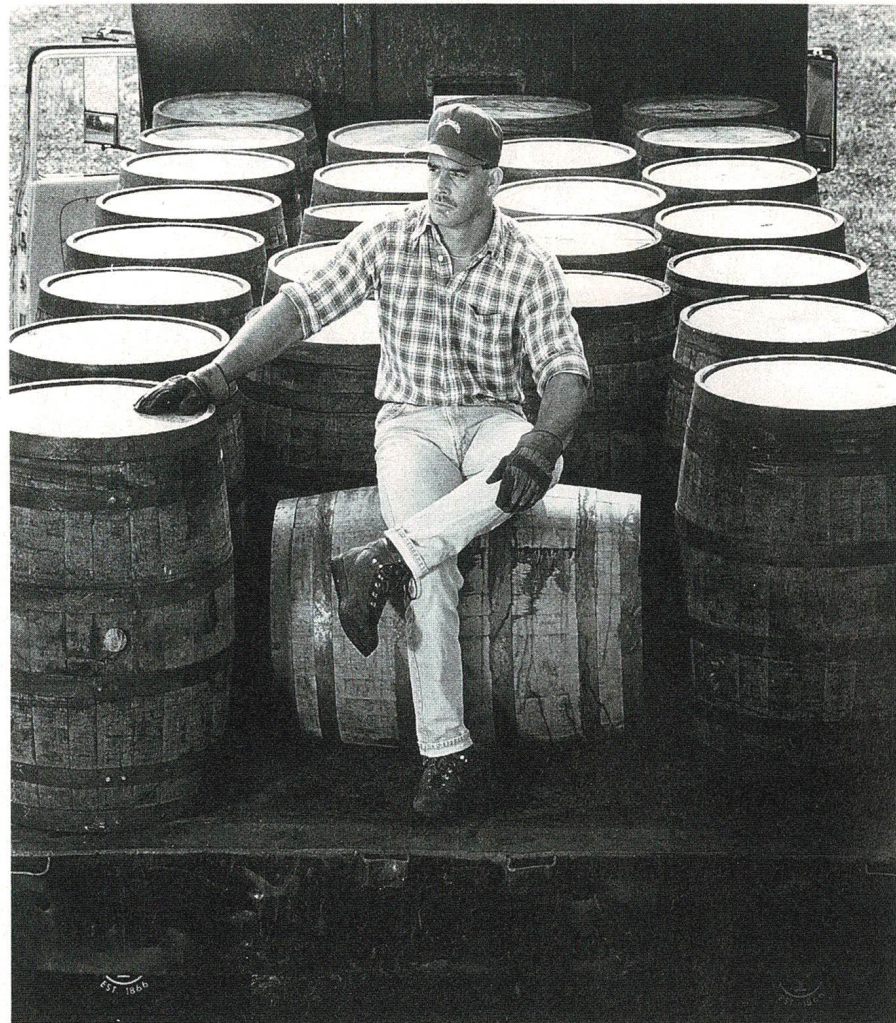
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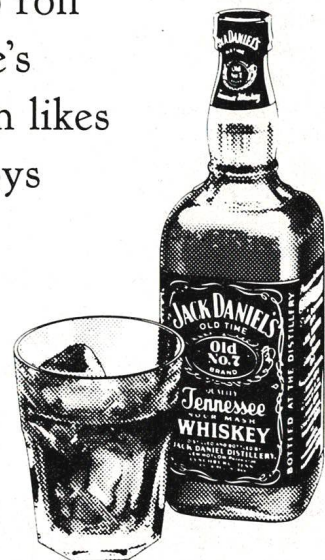


If you've never visited our Tennessee distillery, we hope you'll do so soon. We're just an hour below Nashville.

TO BE A JACK DANIEL'S BARRELMAN, it's most helpful to be on the husky side.

Jason Murray may not be straining himself at the moment. But when called upon to hoist an empty whiskey barrel, or to roll a filled one down a warehouse's length, he's up to the job. Jason likes to work hard. But he also enjoys restful moments.

Which come to think of it, describes a lot of the folks who like spending time with our smooth-sippin' Jack Daniel's whiskey.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 15443-A

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The last supper

For the past eight months my boyfriend and I have had an excellent sex life. But two weeks ago I left for the north-west to seek work. Considering *Penthouse* is about the closest we both get to sex when we are apart, I thought I'd write and tell you about one wild night we had just prior to my departure. This way, my boyfriend can read it and maybe it'll help ease the load.

I had decided to give him a bit of a surprise by shaving the hair off my pussy and slipping into my crotchless knickers. My man loves seeing my soft folds of flesh between the slit in my panties.

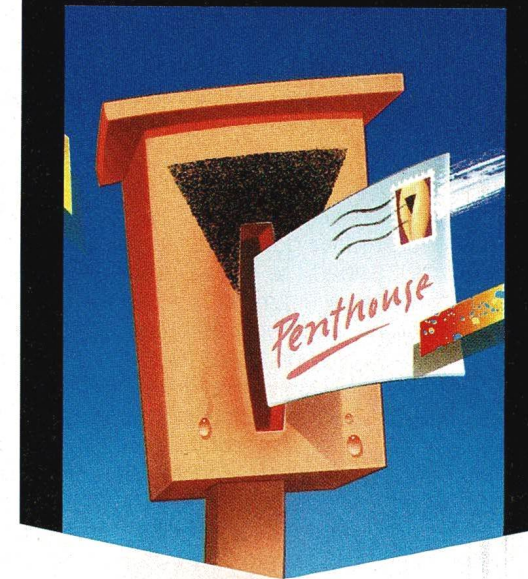
I had just put them on when he came into the bathroom and led me to the dining room. "I've got a surprise for you," he said mischievously.

A long, bare, wooden table awaited me in the dining room. My boyfriend laid me down, positioned my backside right on the edge of the table, spread my legs and proceeded to tie me down. I have never toyed with bondage before, but I began to find myself becoming very excited.

He knelt down and started to run his talented tongue around the outside of my cunt. Now if there is one thing this boy excels in, it's eating pussy. He can do some amazing things with his magic tongue and lips.

Anyway, he started doing his stuff — sucking, nibbling and licking until I was just about to come. Right at that moment he backed off and left the room. I craned my neck and watched him return with an ice bucket and something in a plastic bag. Resigned to my fate, I closed my eyes and tried to relax. I felt his long fingers ease into my steaming pussy. Ever so slowly, he started to finger-fuck me. As I lay back in absolute ecstasy, I heard him fishing around in the ice bucket.

When he thought I was relaxed enough, he replaced his finger with a very cold tongue. He traced ice-cold tracks around my cunt lips until I had goose bumps from head to toe. Then, after another swallow of ice, he plunged his tongue into my pussy. I was just



forum

about ready to come again when he stopped, stood up, parted my cold cunt lips with his fingers and thrust his beautiful hard cock in. I begged him to fuck me hard, but he slid his hot prick in slowly.

After a few strokes he withdrew his cock and took a banana out of the plastic bag. As he peeled off its skin, he looked at me and said: "I've always wanted to do this." Very slowly he started to fuck me with the fruit. It felt smooth and velvety soft as he slowly pistoned it in and out. I would never have thought of trying this, but it's an experience I'd gladly do again.

After taking a bite, he offered it to me. Let me tell you, banana tastes great when mixed with love juices. He entered me with his hard cock and began to pound my dripping wet pussy as I licked the banana as though it were a cock. I watched his face contort with pleasure as he really started to thrust. I shut my eyes to enjoy the sensation.

I felt a lovely sticky substance run down my pussy, around his meat and trickle down the crack of my arse. I looked up to discover he was pouring honey on to his cock as he fucked me. With a smile, he knelt down and started to lick the honey off me. I ground my pussy against his chin in an attempt to make myself come. My boyfriend was not about to let me achieve my goal, though.

He stood up, lifted my head off the table and put his cock into my waiting mouth. What a delight — the honey mixed with pre-come tasted exquisite and only made me want him more. I swallowed his long cock and tried to gobble as much of the thing as possible, hoping to make him come. But no, this was not to be. Instead, he decided we'd both come.

He plunged his cock back into my cunt and began to thrust with slow, deep, even strokes. I could feel his cock exploring my hungry love-hole. While grasping his arse with my knees I strained at the ropes, managing to lift my cunt off the table for better

penetration. With his eyes shut, his tempo increased slightly.

I could feel an orgasm building inside me as his thick meat slid between my well-lubricated lips. His pace picked up even more. My orgasm began to build, but it was not yet beyond the point of no return — all I could do was to try and wait for him. He began to grind his teeth together and drive his fat cock into me. I was moaning for him to come. He kept saying "yes, yes" through gritted teeth. I was close now, so close I couldn't stop it. He started to buck inside me. I felt a wave sweep over me. Bang! I came.

I was squeezing his cock, trying to milk him with my cunt muscles. He withdrew and stood over me and continued to jack himself off. I have enjoyed watching him wank on several occasions, so this was a bonus after such a beautiful fuck. He leant over me and I watched with delight as his throbbing cock exploded and poured his warm jism over my stomach.

Once we had recovered, he massaged his come into my skin, leaving it silky soft. We retired to bed and lay in each other's arms until I had to leave the next morning. I silently slipped out of the door, leaving him, and me, with a beautiful memory of our last night together. Now, when I'm lonely, I imagine what we'll do when we see each other again — it'll be better than this.

forum

Maybe I'll let you know. — Name and address withheld

Real life

I was waiting in a bar one Friday night for my mate Roger when I noticed Jennie — a seemingly frumpy girl I worked with — stroll into the dimly lit bar.

I couldn't believe my eyes. Jennie's ash-blonde hair hung down over her bare, shapely shoulders. Her black mini-skirt stopped just below her crotch, exposing a pair of long slender, stocking-clad legs which were topped off by a pert, firm bum that looked good enough to eat.

Jennie smiled and sauntered over to me. As she told me she was waiting for her friend Sandra, I breathed in her scrumptious scent. Roger arrived and I introduced him to Jennie. While Jennie scanned the room for her friend, I saw Roger devour Jennie from head to toe with his eyes. Several minutes later Sandra arrived. Tall and stylish with a new short hairdo, Sandra looked good in a red suit with a plunging neckline and black lace bra peeping from underneath.

The four of us chatted for a while and later found ourselves back at my

place with a pizza and a couple of bottles of red.

Sandra said that she was hot after the drinks and removed her jacket. Both Roger and I couldn't take our eyes of her well-rounded tits. I suggested Jennie and I make coffee and off we went into the kitchen.

When we returned, Roger and Sandra were kissing. Roger had a handful of tit, and was obviously making some progress with his lust.

"Let's get a little more comfortable," I said leading her to my bedroom. She excused herself, going into the bathroom as I turned the doona down and turned on the bed lamps.

When she returned I embraced her and moved my hand down her back to squeeze her shapely arse. I hiked her mini up over her hips, exposing her bikini panties. Ever so gently, I slid my hand under the waist band to feel her warm skin and soft bush.

Her soft hands undid my belt and allowed my trousers to fall. Whilst she reached inside my jocks, I removed my shirt.

Jennie nibbled and sucked on my chest as I fondled her small but shapely tits through her dress. "Be gentle," she said as she started working her way down my body with her lips. While on her knees, her hands got to work on my prick and balls through my under-

pants. Gradually, she pulled my stiff cock out of my jocks and began to run her tongue over the head of my cock whilst pulling my jocks down.

Then she did something to me no other girl has ever done. She rested her closed lips on the tip of my cock, waited for a second, then plunged her mouth all the way to base. She held her head there while I pistoned my prick back and forth for a few seconds. The feeling was incredible. She repeated this until I told her to stop, in fear of orgasm.

I couldn't wait to repay the favour. So we repositioned ourselves on the bed and I removed her dress and panties, revealing a blonde, trimmed bush which framed an engorged clit.

She flung her head back in pleasure as I started to tongue her soft, warm inner-thighs. Slowly I moved down her legs until I was gently licking behind her knees. Jennie was moaning as I placed my tongue on her anus and in one long, delicate lick, I moved up to her clit. I swallowed her clit and very gently sucked. Jennie was holding my head and grinding her pussy into my face while muttering: "Yes, yes, yes." I darted my tongue over her clit as I slowly slid a finger into her wet snatch. That was it — she came.

When her orgasm had subsided, I moved up between her legs and placed them on my shoulders. She was still panting hard as I rested my cock on her moist outer lips. I rubbed the head of my prick up and down her cunt, slowly masturbating in the process. Jennie opened her outer lips, exposing her wet pussy.

"Put it in," she moaned. I put the tip into her hole and gently rocked the head in and out. Then I pulled out and began rubbing up and down her slit again. Jennie began to laugh. "Put it in, you bastard," she giggled. I waited a few seconds until Jennie started to repeat her plea. "Put it..." she started to say, as I slid my cock in all the way in to the balls. Jennie let out a loud gasp. God! It was so warm, so wet that I nearly came.

"Make it last," she whispered, reading my mind.

Slowly I moved my cock in and out in both shallow and long strokes. From time to time I leant down to tongue her nipples. I occasionally felt her cervix with my cock as I plunged deeper into her cunt, and I had to slow down several times to stop myself from coming too soon.

Jennie moved her hips faster and faster, thrusting her clit against my pelvic bone and I started to feel contractions deep within her. As I felt her muscles tighten, I could not hold back any longer.

Continued on page 120



"I'm from the American Bar Association.
If you lose, we could sue for the flagrant and oppressive diminution
of your rights as middle weight champion of the world."



FRONT

DOUBLE TALK

Why women always say what they don't mean

This woman gets on telly and starts whining about the sexist nature of porn movies and how they promote negative sexual stereotypes of women and lead to rape.

Well, yes. It's not an uncommon scenario. But what the modern bloke may not realise is that this bird is saying exactly what she doesn't mean.

What she is really saying is that she is nervous about sex, is scared of cocks and can't stand the sight of two consenting people fucking.

"When a woman says she'll 'only be five minutes', then allow an hour..."

Feminists take female double-talk to extraordinary levels, but normal women speak a whole load of horse-shit as a matter of daily routine.

This is an issue that has consumed the Modern Man desk for the past month. And the issue is simply this: why do women always say what they don't mean?

This of course is a trick question. There is no answer and rational inquiry is useless.

So we are left to sift through the clues New Woman leaves every time she interacts with Homo Modernis.

The classic piece of female verbal trickery is known to some as "The Choice", and few mature males can claim to have not been trapped by it.



It works like this. The loving and lovable She-Dog rings one at work and purrs down the phone with that irresistible air of vulnerability and imminent mental breakdown that she gets when she really wants something.

For once it's not money or a flat tyre to be changed. No, She-Dog really, really, really wants to go out tonight. In fact, she so desperately wants to go out on the town that she is going to put the choice of location at the feet of her modern man.

"Suggest something," she cajoles, and you hear her lighting a cigarette — a warning that she is

digging in for the long haul. At this point, any male over the age of 22 years and four months knows he's fucked. Any woman who asks "what do you want to do?" doesn't mean it. She's actually saying: "You know me — so you tell me what I want."

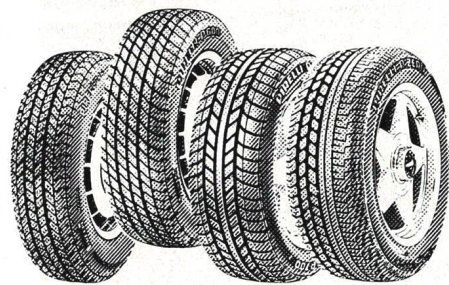
A man can lose his sense of humour faster than his self-respect at such times. But being modern, a bloke struggles forth to his detriment. Even after 15 suggestions are quashed by Her, a bloke should never tell the girl to come up with an idea of her own. To do so is to invite many generations of bad luck into the extended family.

A modern bloke usually waits

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PTA 92/11 F

DOUBLE TALK

until she says: "Come on — you've always got such good ideas." Which is another trick. What she's really saying is: "You've become really boring and unless you become exciting I won't root you for eight days."

If a girl says she really wants to meet the modern bloke's mother, then the problems are only just beginning. Why, you ask, does a girl say something like this and then always have an excuse for not going over there for dinner? "I'm not dressed", "my hair's not right", "I'm depressed", will get trotted out ad nauseum because she always says what she doesn't mean.

A good rule of thumb with women is that they never want to meet another female in the modern man's life unless the meeting gives them a fail-safe chance to appear superior. Hugely superior, that is.

If you talk too much about a sister, then one's partner will say how much she wants to meet her. What she doesn't tell you is that she wants to meet said sister in a dark alley on a night with no moon.

Don't even consider raving about a good female friend. One's partner will say something like: "She sounds like an interesting person," when really, she is saying: "Sounds like the bitch's ego needs working over."

Women always say what they don't mean. If you make a pass at a girl and she laughs and says "no", a modern bloke can get upset. Wasn't this the girl who showed you the tattoo on her upper inner-thigh and constantly tried to feel how much change you had in your pocket? Wasn't this the self-same female who threw her panties into your beer and hot-breathed in your ear? Well maybe not, but she looked the

same, and a few days after the rejection she's told all her friends that the modern man is a loser because he believed her negative reply.

The "no" actually meant "yes", but there are some adamant women who say that men who think this are rapists. Of course, women who accuse men of this don't really mean it. What they mean is: "No man ever made a pass at me so I never got the chance to say 'no'."

In relationships women always say what they don't mean. The relaxed cool-chick who says it's okay for her man to have one night a week on the turps with the lads is a liar. What she's really saying is: "You are one brave idiot." Some blokes never realise this duplicity, but a dead give-away common to most women is huge dilated pupils and a faint grinding sound coming from the dental area. If she says "let's talk", she means "you listen." If one's female partner says she wants an open and honest relationship, she really means she wants to hear all your secrets while keeping all hers to herself.

They always say what they don't mean — even the good ones. How dare you let her drive after she spent five minutes insisting? When she said she wanted the truth, she didn't mean *that* much truth ... you bastard! Okay, so letting her mow the lawn was fair after the stink she put up about equality — but that doesn't mean you actually allow her to physically do it ... how dare you!

When a woman says she'll "only be five minutes", then allow an hour. When a female says she's on a diet, one has to politely ignore all the chocolate wrappers hidden under her bed. Even if the modern man's woman announces 50 times in one day that her bottom is getting too big, she never means it. What she's really saying is: "Tell me how cute my bum is."

But that'll be all from the Modern Man desk. A female colleague just said how much she respected me. Time to ride. But there's an issue outstanding. Forgive the stupidity, but what does it mean when you're standing there at the altar ... and she says: "I do"? — Mark Abernethy



"My motto is eat, stink and be merry."

The Sexy new men's fragrance

NOW THERE'S AN 8-INCH BATTERY POWERED GADGET THAT SATISFIES MEN.



Sega's new portable video game system is the ideal personal companion. With a backlit screen, full colour graphics, stereo sound and a huge range of game cartridges, Game Gear puts quality entertainment at your fingertips. Or anywhere else, for that matter, since Game Gear's compact, lightweight design makes it totally portable.

And with Sega's unique TV Tuner option, Game Gear transforms into a colour television. Best of all, you only have to touch its button once to turn it on.

SEGA
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F O O D

FRONT

THE LAST RESORT

Eating out on the Sunshine Coast

Queensland's Sunshine Coast, nestled between Noosa and Maroochydore, shelters a thriving surfer culture and is possibly Australia's last resort district; although some of its lush hinterland has been overrun by antique shops where the last "bargain" disappeared with Harold Holt.

How about crayfish tails with hazlenut and strawberry sauce...

Perhaps it's the prevailing feeling of hedonism, but food is deemed to be very important on the Sunshine Coast. I guess it boils down to the fact that you've got to keep the bronzed Aussie body equally impressive on the inside.

Regardless, here's a guide to Sunshine Coast eating that's light years away from the days when the legendary Barry of Barry's Bistro fame used to scale his fish on the beach under the scrutiny of his evening clientele.

One of the finest hotel dining experiences in Australia is The Hyatt Cooloom resort. The resort offers grand dining and entrees like grilled tofu lasagna with pawpaw and avocado, which links beautifully with mains like veal tenderloin and crayfish tail with zucchini flowers, hazelnut and strawberry sauce.

The "village" — where most lunchtime diners hang out — serves pizzas so good that you even forgive the addition of pineapple. Cafe dining gets you a more down-to-earth menu that is still haute cuisine but offers some of the best steaks in this-is-Queensland-so-eat-beef-you-bastards territory.

Anita's of Noosaville sounds like a suburban hairdresser's, but unless you take a mouthful of the wasabi paste (which graces many of the Japanese-style dishes) there's noth-

ing in this chic establishment to make your hair curl more than necessary.

Australian chefs are getting so good, "innovative" is an adjective that's starting to lose its meaning. But here at Anita's it can still describe the Asian-influenced menu that features local mud crabs in wontons and Moreton Bay bugs bathed in wasabi, lime and oregano butter. Moderately priced and BYO, Anita's makes impressing your beach-blanket honey that much more affordable. (301 Wyeba Rd, Noosaville.)

Bratpackers' Cafe at Munna Point, Noosaville, covers its wooden tables with butcher's paper and provides crayons for those aged from eight to 80 to scribble with as they wait for their meals. The emphasis is vegetarian and seafood. Dishes not to pass up lightly are gyoza (small wontons filled with cabbage, soybeans and eggplant) or the Red Emperor in coriander batter.

La Plage, with its director's chairs

Street, Noosa.)

Don't be put off by the herbs growing on the balcony at Touche, also in Hastings Street. The food is far better than this *Better-Homes-and-Gardens* welcome suggests. How the chef manages to offer such a wide range of Asian and Louisiana-inspired dishes is a mystery that should be investigated by the founders of Nimbin. Open round the clock, or most of it anyway, Touche easily runs the best wine list in town.

Other names in Noosa worth looking for are: Cafe Le Monde; Pancakes for those with more simple tastes; The Aqua Bar Cafe for those who like to feel the wind of this mighty continent in their hair; and Eduardo's for beach-front dining.

Montville on the Sunshine Coast hinterland is Queensland's answer to Berrima in NSW — an area stuffed to the gunwales with handicraft, knickknacks and antique shops. Pottinger's, a tad out of town on the



and pastel walls, was a Noosa icon in the Eighties, but you don't front up here for a history lesson.

I once had their chargrilled Moreton Bay bugs, lathered with lime and doused with a ginger beurre blanc that could only be described in such fey terms as stunning. BYO and moderate despite the self-conscious French name. (Hastings

spectacularly scenic road to the Glass House Mountains, is something of a local legend. Contemporary cuisine with flashes of Asian brilliance sums up the feel of the menu and the ingredients are top-quality and home-grown. The garden setting is almost as appealing as their sensational mud crab dishes. — Elisabeth King

Illustration by Simon Bosch

GOING DOWN

Nitrox allows sports divers to explore new depths

Alexander the Great reputedly put a clay pot on his head and swam underwater, making him the first diver in recorded history. But it wasn't until the Forties, when Jacques Cousteau invented scuba (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus) that the seascape was opened to sports divers. Since then, equipment and practices have remained basically the same.

Now, though, a group of sports divers — known as "technical divers" — are tampering with Mother Nature by changing the mixture and content of gases they breathe underwater to push the limits of diving.

In the US the boundaries of deep diving are being stretched with the aid of Tri-mix. By mixing helium, nitrogen and oxygen, sports divers in Florida have managed to lengthen the bottom time and maximum depth of recreational diving. An American company called Cis-Lunar is presently developing a recreational mixed-gas set which is capable of going to 450m with eight hours' endurance. These advances in depth and endurance are comparable to the jump from propeller-driven aircraft to jets. Currently, American diver Sheck Exley holds the mixed-gases diving record of 285m.

The implications of this are incredible. If mixed-gas sets become readily available, it will open up the seabed and a horde of previously untouched wrecks — once the domain of a few specialised commercial diving operations — to sports divers.

Although Tri-mix is unavailable in Australia, a new system called "enriched air" or Nitrox (modified mixtures of nitrogen and oxygen) could be its forerunner.

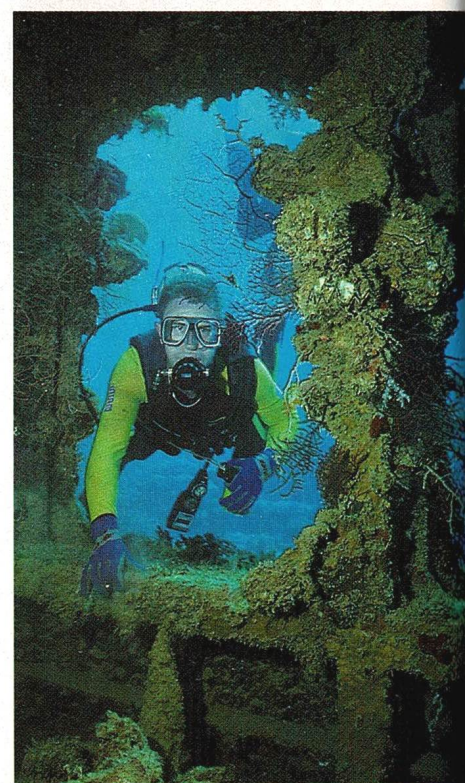
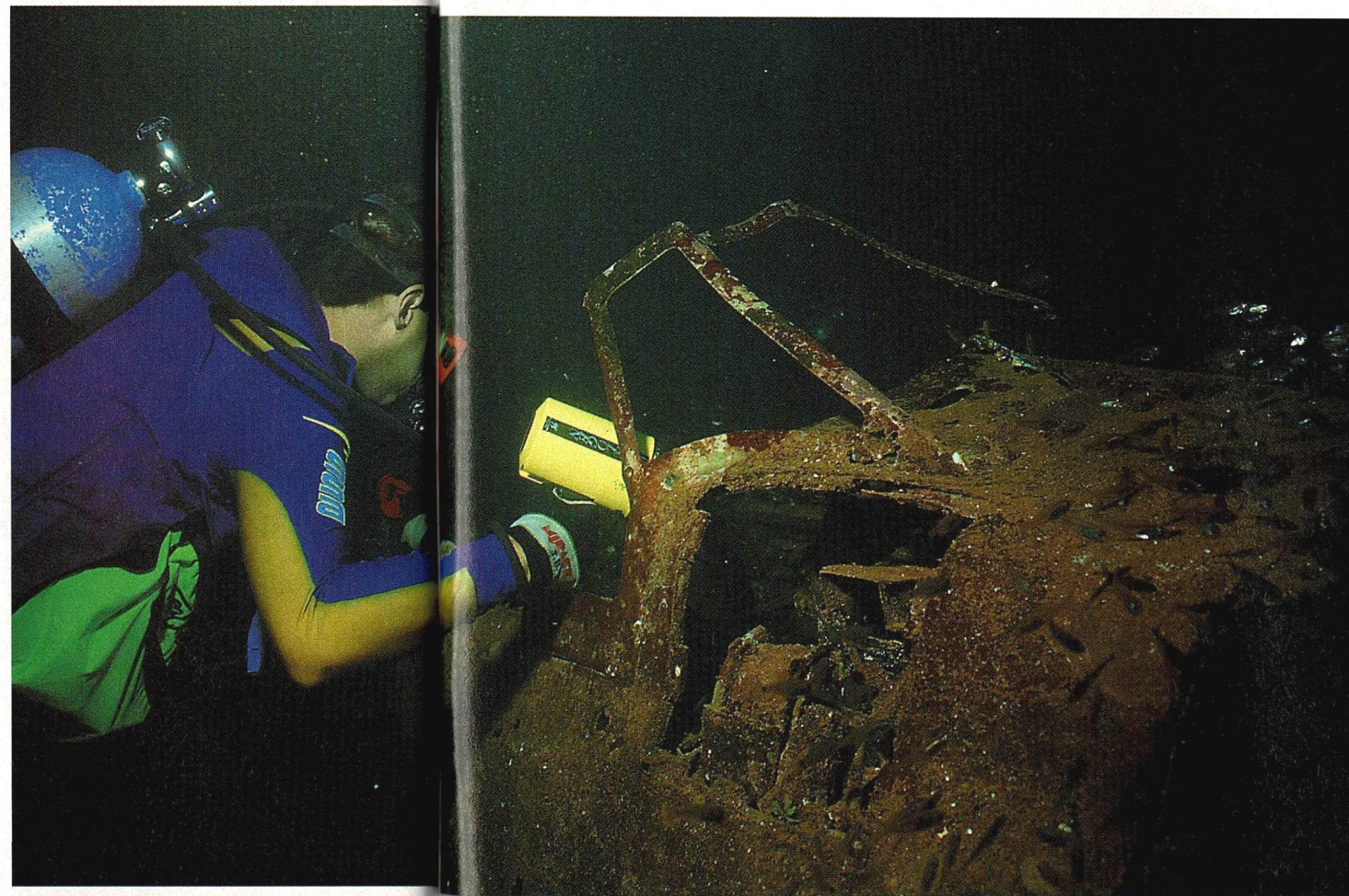
Nitrox has been used by the Australian military and commercial divers for decades, but only in the past few years has it entered the domain of sports diving in the US. And only in the past few months have the facilities become available for recreational use Down Under. Presently, there are only two operations training divers on Nitrox in Australia.

The first thing I noticed, breathing Nitrox, was that it tastes exactly the same as air. "That's because it is almost the same as air," says Rob Cason, diving instructor from Fun Dive in Sydney. The only difference, he explains, is the ratio of nitrogen to oxygen. "Atmosphere is about four to one. All we do lower the nitrogen content and increase the oxygen content to enhance performance."

To experience the new mixture I was taken on a dive to the steamer *Royal Shepherd*, which collided with the *Hesketh* on a clear day off Sydney Heads in 1890. It sank within minutes and now sits off South Head in 30m of water.

At 20m the weightlessness, the dark-green water stretching out in every direction, and the serenity gives a sensation of acrophobia and claustrophobia rolled into one. It is, however, not unpleasant.

The pleasant feeling is augmented because nitrogen at depths of



Photos by Nipper, Tony Little & Hagen Kegel

30m or more becomes a narcotic, producing euphoria. "The feeling is like two scotches or a good joint," I was told by a seasoned diver. Indeed, it is similar. Breathing Nitrox reduces the effects of nitrogen narcosis, but — fortunately — doesn't completely remove them.

This is not the major benefit of Nitrox, though. "Basically, if you're diving a Nitrox mixture at 40m, say, you have a longer time at that depth without incurring decompression sickness," Cason explains.

Decompression sickness, or the "bends", is a primary concern for divers. Fundamentally, it's nitrogen in the diver's bloodstream gasifying — like the bubbles in a soft-drink bottle when the top's removed — then collecting around the joints of the body. This causes the diver to "bend" up in severe agony and possibly, if bubbles lodge in the brain, to die.

"The average Nitrox diver won't be able to exceed the Nitrox limita-

tion at that depth [40m], which makes it a safer mixture," says Cason.

Diving statistics support Cason's summation. In the US only two cases of the bends have occurred in 200,000 recorded Nitrox dives.

In Australia, however, diving authorities are a little cautious. Dr Chris Stacks, the officer in charge of the School of Underwater Medicine at *HMAS Penguin*, says it's a highly contentious issue in diving circles and one area of concern is the supervision of what is a very complex diving practice.

I seemed not be suffering any ill-effects as I approached the wreck of the *Royal Shepherd*. The rusted remnants of her boiler and shaft loomed eerily from the white sand. Wreck diving generates two distinct sensations. While drifting effortlessly around a wreck, one feels like an underwater astronaut, bounding into the unknown. On the

other hand, probing the rotting corpse of a 100-year-old ship gives the sensation of violation and trespass, tantamount to voyeurism.

Wreck diving is not the only application of Nitrox. Cave divers have also seen the benefits of extended no-decompression time. In the US numerous cave dives have been performed with the aid of Nitrox.

Diving is not an expensive sport. To get started it costs about \$350 for a course which teaches the

"It will open up a horde of previously untouched wrecks..."

basics of air diving. To go diving after the course, one simply has to pay for equipment hire and a place on the dive boat. After basic qualification, the system offers optional specialist courses such as wreck diving, cave diving, deep diving and Nitrox diving.

The most expensive aspect, generally, is the initial outlay for equipment. The variety and price of scuba equipment is vast. The cost of a basic set of diving equipment starts around \$1000 and stops when the diver runs out of money. Switching to Nitrox, after spending \$245 on a Nitrox course, is nominal. "If you have a cylinder dedicated to Nitrox (specially cleaned and labelled) the cost of a fill is only four dollars more," says Cason.

Although depths of 450m seem fantastic and a degree of controversy surrounds mixed-gas diving, it pays to keep in mind the comments of Jim Brown, Director of Training of the National Association of Underwater Instructors: "Today's outer limits may be tomorrow's norm." Alexander the Great would certainly agree. — Todd Cole

KROM!

CD-ROM is a quantum leap for PC users

Ever heard a computer purr? It cracked me up. I was mucking around with some CD-ROM software — *Compton's Encyclopedia*, (which in book form runs to around 26 volumes, but here was contained on one CD disk). I looked up "cat", scrolled through reams of cat anatomy, photos of skeletons, eyes, fur. Then I hit the audio icon and the computer, equipped with a sound board and little stereo speakers, started purring fit to bust. Weird.

The boffs have been talking about CD-ROM a lot lately, and it's been in the pipeline for a lot longer than that. Finally, the first wave has arrived. Basically, massive amounts of info can be stored digitally on a CD. By using some add-on hardware, this can then be accessed (with print, sound, video clips, animation, graphs, maps and photographs) through your PC, as long as it's a 286 (or better) IBM compatible. It's

photos, sound and animation.

As for games, the possibilities are wild. I had a go at the first game developed especially for CD-ROM, *Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Detective*. The disk contains three Sherlock Holmes mysteries — "The Case Of The Mystified Murdress", "The Case Of The Mummy's Curse" and "The Case Of The Tin Soldier" — all authorised by the estate of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

There's an introduction which shows you around the various icons and tells you how to use them. They include the London Library, Sherlock's notebook, *The London Times*, a carriage to take you to wherever you want to go, the Baker Street irregulars — all sources of info to help you solve the case.

The game includes 90 minutes of full - motion video, using live actors, and was produced much like a feature film, with sets, scripts, etc. This is how it works: Say you decide to

a game in which I didn't have to continually shoot the opposition. (From Questor, 02 662-7944, at \$99.95.)

Other CD-ROM games which should be available by the time you read this are:

* *North Polar Expedition* — a strategy/survival game using actual footage from Sir Ranulph Feinne's expedition.

* *Guest* — hailed as one of the scariest and most complicated games ever made. The data on the

"The game includes 90 minutes of full motion video..."

CD-ROM disk would fill 80 conventional floppies.

To get into CD-ROM, you need to acquire some additional hardware for your PC. CD-ROM kits are available at varying prices. Most include an external disk drive and interface board, cabling and disks.

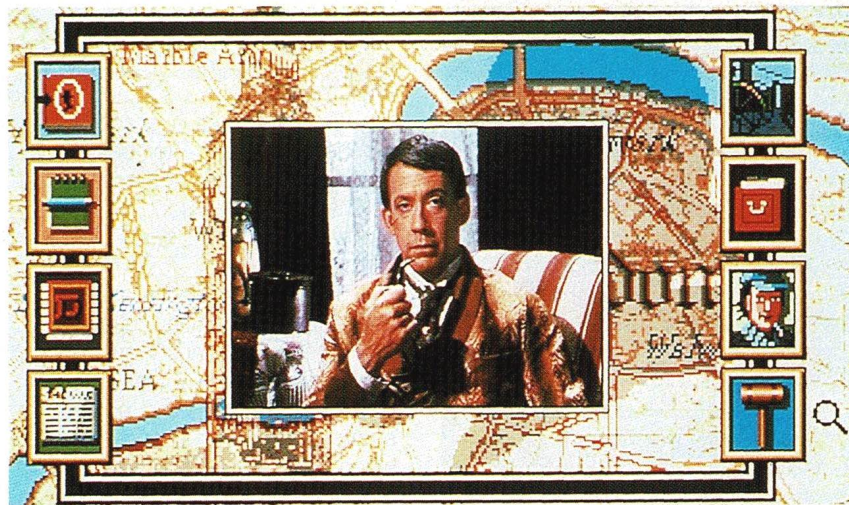
Sony's CDU-7205 includes the above, a set of headphones and six disks. It costs \$1,630.

Questor, responsible for the distribution of *Sherlock Holmes* in Australia, has been selling a CD-ROM starter pack for \$999.95. It includes *Compton's Encyclopedia* and the *Guinness Disk Of Records*.

Other kits and components are available from specialist computer shops at varying prices. Be careful to check out exactly what a package contains, and its compatibility with the components in your PC. For instance, some CD-ROM ScSi (interface) boards are incompatible with some soundboards.

A thousand dollars or more might seem like a bit of a king - hit for some recreational add-on peripherals for your PC. But once you've tried CD-ROM and got a taste of the limitless information it makes available to you, the light will dawn. —

Trish Murphy



still in its infancy in Australia, but a growing number of disks are becoming available. At the moment they cost around \$100, but look at what you can get:

* *The Greatest Books Collection* — instant access to 150 of the world's most important titles, from Plato to Dickens.

* *Languages Of The World* — the equivalent of 132 dictionaries translated into 12 languages.

* *National Geographic Mammals* — with more than 600 full-screen

go and interview somebody to find out some information. You pick the name out of the notebook, click the carriage icon, and a video clip then takes you through the ensuing interview. You can rewind and replay the clip until you've picked up the clues. Then you return to the icons to continue your search.

It takes concentration (which all the good games do) and is thoroughly addictive (which most good games are). It's sophisticated and witty and I found it enjoyable to play

MOST FISHERMEN PREFER THEM UGLY

THE GENUINE SHAKESPEARE

**Ugly
Stik**
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Shakespeare
FINE FISHING TACKLE

PRELUDE TO PROBLEMS

Honda slips into low gear

It wasn't that long ago that Honda was Japan's marque on the move. Innovative, daring, dashing, vibrant, it was widely known as the BMW of the East. Honda, going places rapidly, was everyman's tip to rise to take its place among the great modern automotive creators of the late 20th century.

But it hasn't worked out that way. Today Honda is struggling. "Honda has lost the plot," is the cry oft heard in motor-industry circles.

It appears befuddled, unsure of whether to return to the bold, creative path which brought it to notice, or to retreat further into conservative engineering and design.

Its cars of 1992 are not bad cars, mind, just uninspiring. Missing is the old verve that won Car of the Year awards. Even in Formula One racing, the lengthy dominance of Honda-powered McLarens has ended. Europe has hit back and now it's the Williams Renaults doing most of the winning.

There is a lot of residual affection for Honda, but it will not live off its

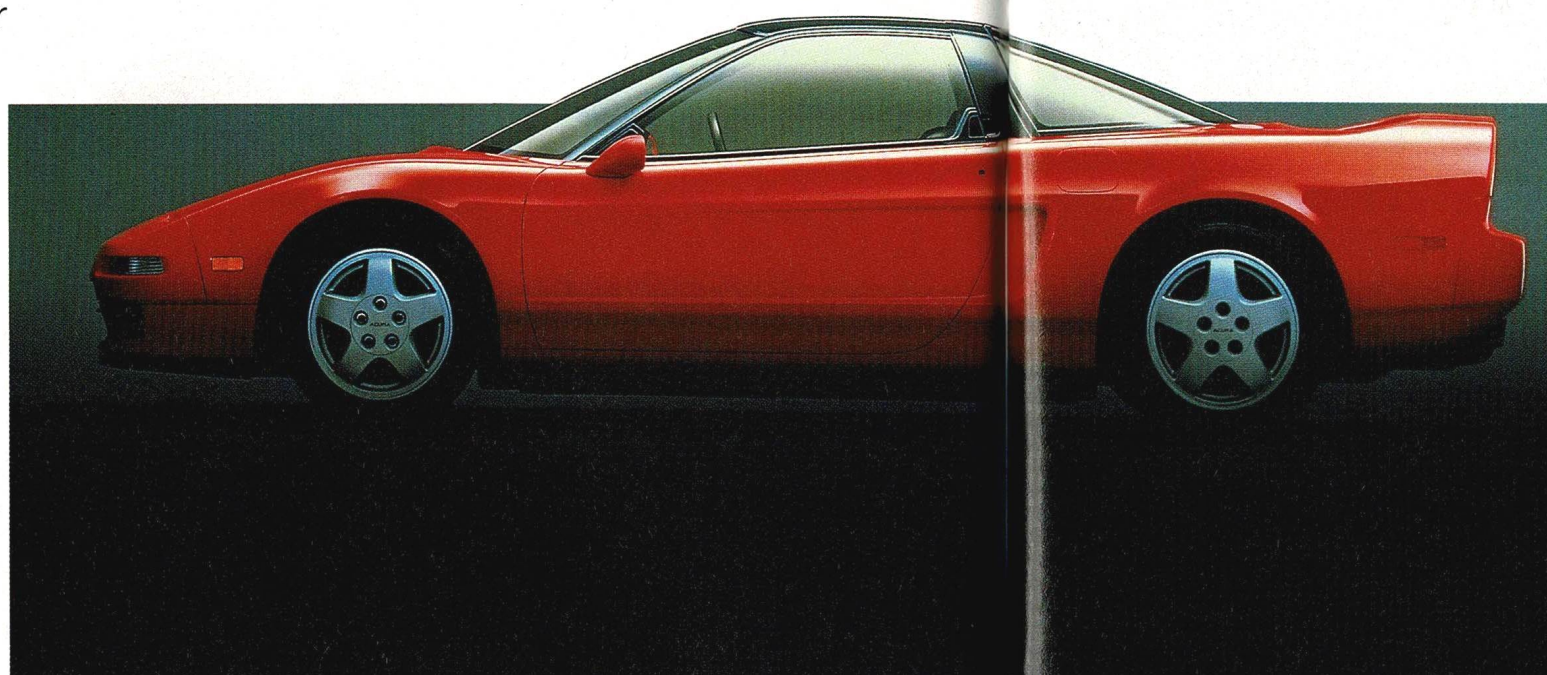
"Its cars of 1992 are not bad cars, just uninspiring..."

historical brilliance. To flourish it needs strong and electrifying products.

And certainly, it is preparing to bludgeon its way out of strife with a bevy of fresh and upgraded models, starting with the Evolution NSX, a lightweight, spartan version of the stunning Ferrari beater and very much in the mould of Porsche's Carrera series.

But while the list of new product is long, reports suggest not all are stunners.

It's probably fair to suggest that Honda of the early Nineties is looking



more like a stolid American-car maker than a progressive Japanese one. So perhaps it's not surprising that Honda's manufacturing facilities in the United States are earmarked to play a major part in any renaissance.

The North American market dominates Honda's product planning, and therein lies a problem. Suitable though the vehicles may be for America, motorists of other countries have not been as enthusiastic about staples like the Accord.

Even the US market is beginning to show resistance. A letter several months ago by Honda to its staff and dealers in its largest market, the US, highlighted its hazardous position. It suggested the next 20 months were to be the most important and perilous in the company's history.

Not only is it vulnerable due to its sometimes ordinary product, but major competitors - Toyota, Mazda, Nissan and Mitsubishi - are pounding the market with waves of exciting new models.

Whether Honda's armament is sufficiently powerful remains to be seen. An all-new two-door Civic sedan is due to go into production at Honda's plant in Ohio about now, followed in a couple of months by new four- and five-door Concertos.

The new Integra, with three and four doors, is set for April launch next year.

Also in the pipeline is the ZRX, a



mid-engined derivative of the CRX tagged the "Big Beat" because of its resemblance to the cute little Beat mini-roadster, which is unfortunately not available Down Under. The new Accord, the top-selling car in the US last year, will be introduced just before Christmas '93 in two-door, four-door and wagon versions. A mini-van based on the Accord will follow in '94. Honda clearly believes the new Accord will be its salvation.

Honda president Nobuhiko

Clockwise from top left: A model of the racy-looking Honda R&D; the redesigned Legend looks sleek on the outside and plush on the inside, but is it innovative enough to compete with Honda's Japanese competitors?



Kawamoto must accept the blame for the company's predicament. In his previous role, as engineering chief, he pushed the button on models that have been less than successful in the market, among them the current Civic and Prelude.

There also appears to be some philosophical confusion at the top level. On one hand, the company is spending hundreds of millions of dollars annually on motor sport, principally its Grand Prix engine program and, on the other, Kawamoto is insistent that Honda take on a greener hue. Motor sport and environmental concern are not necessarily mutually exclusive, but a commitment to today's Grand Prix racing, with its 700 horsepower engines and potent fuel cocktails, doesn't sit comfortably with electric cars and other trappings of earth-friendliness.

Not surprising, given the widespread dissatisfaction with Honda's direction, the Honda boardroom has not been the scene of tranquility.

The recent and sudden resignation of 52-year-old executive vice-

president Shoichiro Irimajiri, after just one year in the job, was a major shock. He was the man entrusted with the job of overseeing Honda's reform process instigated in March 1991. He was also at the apex of a new centralised management structure that had been hailed both inside and outside the company.

Health reasons were given for the departure of Honda's bright executive, but the grapevine ran hot with gossip.

But there's no mistaking that the loss of the guiding light of product development and manufacturing, and likely successor to Kawamoto, has left a huge void. Irimajiri had thrown himself into the task of solving Honda's product problem, while at the same time creating the company's new-model program.

But significantly, Irimajiri's product efforts - the upcoming Accord, Integra, Vigor and restyled Legend - didn't exactly hit the spot when previewed by Honda executives in

Continued on page 128

TRAVELLERS' TRICKS

Money changing in the Third World

It's like a doctor getting sick. A finance writer runs out of money in some God-forsaken hole and has no tricks up his sleeve: no acceptable cards, no satellite link to the bank back home, no time to wait the fortnight for the money to be wired. Just a dollar's worth of rupees, some Thai baht and a couple of hundred Syrian quid in a country (Syria) where

"Always keep a day's expenses, preferably more, up your sleeve..."

they prefer the tourists to pay in US dollars. And when the Syrians prefer something, you'd better go along.

It was a good trip, actually, for a smart-arse who reckons he's the full bottle on currency dealings for tourists; I tried out some of the things I've been recommending for years.

The big problem was Lebanon, which is probably an easy paradigm of any country that is still Third World or undergoing problems which render normal services difficult, if not defunct.

American Express is accepted in the big cities but only at the expensive joints. Visa and Mastercard are not acceptable. You can use the Amex card to cash one of your own cheques but the last time I did that the bloke (contrary to Amex rules) charged a fat fee and gave me a lousy exchange rate.

Still, it was better than the bank draft I took this time. It was a mistake. A bank draft is a bank cheque — it cost me \$27 — made out to whoever (to me, in this case) that should be as good as gold and drawn on the most reputable bank in the world. But the banks in Beirut would only take it if I waited a fortnight until it was cleared.

So, as in all these countries, one ends up doing business on the street where, out of my \$US1000 the dealer took \$US50 for himself, gave me nine \$100 bills and the balance in local currency, half of which he distributed to the various agents and hangers-on who led me to him.

If you plan to stay in a country for long, say two weeks or more, and be in fairly frequent contact with the capital, then you could consider opening a bank account there, preferably from here before you go. For instance, you can go along to the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank here in Australia (called the Hong Kong Bank of Australia) and they'll help you set up an account with their sister bank, the British Bank of the

Which leaves traveller's cheques and cash.

Now for some odd reason (certainly beyond the ability of the dills at Amex to explain), in many of the more out-of-the-way countries TCs attract a more favourable rate than cash.

Of course, villagers selling their daughters in the hills three days' donkey-ride from the nearest road are reluctant to take TCs: nor will customs men or police officers, if you find yourself in a spot of bother. A nice range of not-too-old US dollar bills — from fives to a hundred, which saves you slinging \$50 when he'd gladly accept a tenner — is always recommended.

Always keep a day's expenses, preferably more, up your sleeve. Or be prepared to suffer, as I did,



Middle East, head office in Dora, East Beirut.

For India, Nepal and Pakistan and some of the former British colonies in Africa (Kenya, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Uganda, Zaire) you should be able to set up an account at the desired branch of Grindlay's Bank, which is spread through those countries, at your friendly local branch of the ANZ, which owns Grindlay's. Unfortunately, when I discussed the matter with the ANZ some months ago, such service to travellers was still in the too-hard basket.

after dipping into my emergency stash to buy an irresistible carpet a few hours before boarding the plane home. I was left with my cab fare, departure tax and enough for a couple of whiskies.

The Gods love punters like me: A missing stamp in my passport, which I hadn't known about, meant I had to hand in my boarding pass and go back to hassling with Damascene cab drivers and innkeepers while very, very low on funds. I survived — just — making it into a hotel in Bangkok with 40 baht. — David Quicksilver

Illustration by Drahos Zak



SOME THINGS DON'T CHANGE.
SOME THINGS DON'T HAVE TO.



RICH, MELLOW, AUTHENTIC KENTUCKY BOURBON. AMERICA'S NATIVE SPIRIT.

Making home videos is becoming easier and less expensive. Take Canon's E250, for example: for a pretty reasonable \$1699, you get a fully featured 8mm format camcorder equipped with a long-range 12X zoom, hi-fi stereo sound recording and a built-in video light for doing it in the dark. You can add titles in a variety of colours and there's also a high-speed shutter capable of 1/10,000 second, as well as a remote control. From Canon Australia.



Small loudspeakers no longer mean a small sound and while Paradigm's new Titans may be bookshelf-sized, they're designed to give a big performance. Canadian built, the Titans employ a 165mm diameter mid/bass driver and 19mm dome tweeter plus a reflex port to give a flat frequency response from 75Hz to 20kHz (this is A Good Thing). Good sensitivity and power handling capabilities allow long and loud running without fear of damage (the speakers, that is). There's a choice of oak, black ash and white finishes and the price tag is a small \$499. More info from Duratone Imports.

Wondered why rental movie soundtracks lack any realism and depth? In fact, these soundtracks generally contain the same information as the cinema print, but the average home video system can't decode it. Enter the Yamaha DSP-A1000, which not only handles the extra sound channels, but uses digital signal processing to recreate the "atmosphere" of the original program. To do this, the A1000 can drive up to seven speakers to give expansive surround sound. For audio reproduction, it can mimic actual venues such as the Village Gate jazz club in New York or Anaheim Stadium in Los Angeles. Around \$2000 from Yamaha Music Australia.

If you like your sound with a touch of style, then consider Harman/Kardon's HD7600II CD player. Whoever designed the front panel threw away the set-square and used a set of French curves instead to create a distinctive (and comfortable) layout. However, the HD7600II is more than just a pretty face and in the interests of purer sound it employs a triple-beam laser pick-up, 1-bit digital-to-analog converters and a shock-proof chassis. Features include a 30-track program memory, two-speed cue and review, full remote control and repeat play. Expect to pay about \$1200 from Convo International.



Wharfedale has christened its latest loudspeaker the "Harewood", and a pair of them represent \$3000 of pure listening pleasure. The smart-looking stands are an integral part of the design (and also contain the crossover circuitry) while the 28-litre cabinets each contain a high performance 20cm mid/bass driver and a 25mm ceramic dome tweeter. Even more solid bass is guaranteed by the provision of vents in each cabinet's base. The finish is timber and all connections are gold-plated. To find out how all this sounds, contact Wharfedale Australia.



With a control panel more impressive than that of the starship Enterprise, Kenwood's KR-V8540 boldly takes your home entertainment system where it's never gone before. It's basically an amplifier which handles both audio and video signals (and incorporates an AM/FM stereo tuner), but it also boasts some fancy tricks to justify its \$1599 price tag. Among these is surround-sound and a choice of settings which recreate the ambience of a concert hall, outdoor stadium, discotheque or jazz club (just add smoke). The Kenwood Electronics Australia people will be happy to tell you more.

Missed telephone calls can represent missed opportunities, so what the well-equipped socialite needs is an answering machine and a sophisticated one at that. Panasonic's KX-T1476BA features a day/time voice stamp to indicate exactly when a call was made, an LCD display which shows the number of calls and provisions for two different outgoing messages. It also accepts standard audio cassettes, so there's no limit on message length. A tone remote control enables messages to be recalled using any telephone. Staying in touch Panasonic-style costs \$310.



PASSION AND EXPERIENCE

Lennox drops her mask and goes solo

By the time Dave Stewart and **Annie Lennox** finally closed the doors on the musical edifice they had constructed, the Eurythmics had been justifiably elevated to one of pop's highest pedestals. From the low-budget, synthful *Sweet Dreams Are Made Of This* (1983), the duo became bigger and brasher, with Stewart hammering his guitar in more of a rock mode and Lennox strutting her impressive vocal stuff with the likes of Aretha Franklin. In six albums over five years they toyed with a full range of images (especially for Lennox) in ways that were beautiful, artful and entertaining, if a little cold.

After a break to regroup her energies and to become a mother, Lennox has returned as a solo entity on *Diva* (BMG/RCA). Dressed in the faded finery of a fallen showgirl, she has written a brace of songs that are perhaps the most personal and direct she has ever released. Solo songwriting has been a slow and arduous road for her, but the results justify the process.

With a core trio of keyboard programmers and players, the sound is understandably synthesised, but with Lennox at the mike it breathes passion and experience. Thick, ethereal chords with elegant tinkles slide into her questioning gambit "Why", with its catalogue of things to be done in life after a heartbreaking split — "this is the fear, this is the dread, these are the contents of my head." The music, if not her mood, quickly changes up a few gears into a cheery pump — "and I've got so little left it feels like I'm walking on broken glass."

The funky "Precious (little angel I was lost until you came)" probably offers a reason for her buoyant mood despite the obvious heartache. Fans of the Eurythmics will find no jarring musical tangents here except for the jolly sar-



casm of the cautionary music-hall postscript to "Keep Young And Beautiful." Annie Lennox sounds a lot less like a lady in a mask. She and child are alive and well and living in the world.

K.D. Lang is the complete antithesis of the Dolly Parton school of rhinestone cowgirls. For her first two discs she has been sheltered under the ever-broadening country music umbrella, but has never subscribed to the expectations of that style. On the Cole Porter tribute *Red, Hot & Blue* (Chrysalis) of two years ago, she showed herself easily capable of transferring her breathy but full-ranged delivery to a "standard."

With her latest, *Ingenue* (Sire/Warners), she has crafted an album of truly sublime moments. It sounds like someone has been keeping her very happy and the title is a dig at herself suffused with love like the classic, artless young female lead of stage and screen. The



Clockwise from left: Sublime moments from K.D. Lang; Annie Lennox goes solo and gets personal; and Tracy Chapman is still a girl with a guitar, albeit with a line-up of stars behind her.

album traces the familiar passage of an affair, starting with the initial disbelief ("save me from you, but pave me the way to you"). Cupid's arrows can hit hard and deep ("surely help will arrive soon and cure these self-induced wounds"), but the initial euphoria can induce a fated state — "just a kiss, I have lived for this. I

can't explain why I've become Miss Chatelaine."

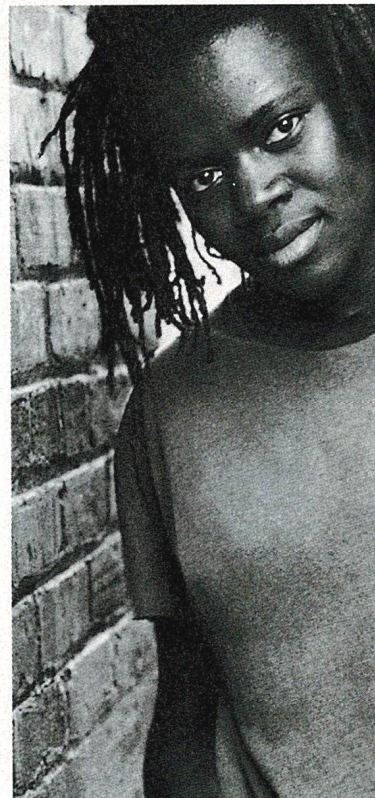
Soon you become aware of a clogging of the creative and personal-freedom arteries — life wasn't meant to be this continually blissful, was it? Our own insecurities jar the worm into turning and eating away this rosy fruit, and we end up with the inevitable split — ("Fate must have a reason, why else endure the) Season Of Hollow Soul."

This is no maudlin wallowing of Mills and Boon proportions, but rather an elegant and compelling collection written by her and frequent musical companion, guitarist Ben Mink.

Tracy Chapman has employed an even more stellar entourage for her third catalogue of *Matters Of The Heart* (Elektra), including Peter Gabriel's regular rhythm section, Vernon Reid (Living Colour) and some omnipresent percussionists like Alex Acuna and Mino Cinelu. However, the dominant personality is a girl and her guitar, and she could never be accused of cluttering

the airwaves with lovesick banalities. "Woman's Work" is a brief but obvious focus for her more overtly political sentiments. Despite the literate observations commensurate with her "singer/songwriter" tag, hers is still an emotional response to the world.

Bold, blonde and musically eclectic, **Sophie B. Hawkins** is anything but the favoured daughter of the Grand Ol' Opry that her name suggests. She was born and bred on the



upper west side of Manhattan and her songs on *Tongues And Tails* (Columbia) reflect the diversity of music found on that tiny island. She has drawn musicians from the upper echelons of jazz/pop who provide feisty rhythms. Hers is not a big voice, but it's laced with life and sultry humour. Her past life as a performance artist has not put her beyond classic themes of longing summed up in the one cover, Bob Dylan's "I Want You." — *Jeremy Cook.*




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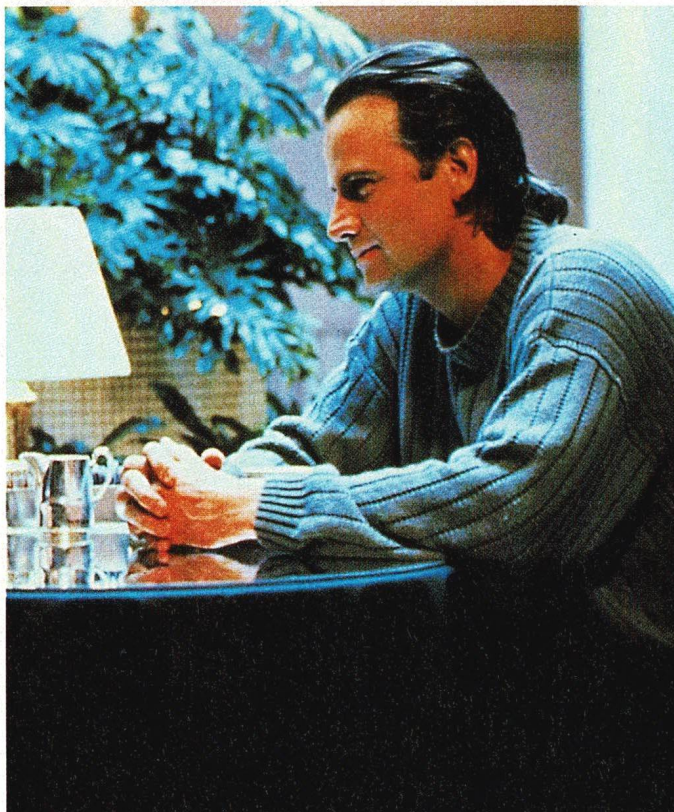
DEADLY GAMBITS

In movie land, serial killers are the perennial flavour of the month, guaranteed to draw bums on seats and clench their sphincters into the bargain. Latest psychopath off the rank stalks through the damned decent spine tingler **Knight Moves**, directed by Carl Schenkel from an original screenplay by Brad Mirman.

When a small town in the US Pacific Northwest is host to a world chess tournament, a series of bizarre ritual murders ensue. Evidence points to one of the touring chess players (Christopher Lambert) when he is found to have lied to the police after the first murder. Restricted by the resources available in the small town, local police enlist the help of a young psychologist (Diane Lane) to help penetrate the disturbed psyche of the suspect.

Also starring Tom Skerritt and Daniel Baldwin, this is a value-for-money, thinking man's ring-clencher.

Academy Award nominated and as exquisitely deli-



cate and beautiful as eggshell porcelain, **Raise The Red Lantern** is the latest work from Chinese director Zhang Yimou (*Joudou*). It is the story of a young woman (played by

Song Li, the surrealistically beautiful star of *Joudou*) who becomes the fourth concubine of an old man. To designate which wife the master plans to sleep with each night, servants hang a

red lantern outside the chosen one's quarters. Sensuality and fragility combine with jealousy and intrigue to make this mesmerising entertainment.

Ruby & Rata is a comedy about two manipulative women from different backgrounds and generations who are determined to exploit each other for their own ends. Caught in the crossfire is Rata's 8-year-old son Willy, a young master in the art of deception.

Directed by Gaylene Preston and starring Yvonne Lawley, Vanessa Rare and Lee Mete-Kingi, this Kiwi film is winning raves for its wise and unpretentious humour.

From Bob Connolly and Robin Anderson, the producing/directing team that earned a dozen awards and an Academy Award nomination for the 1982 documentary *First Contact*, comes **Black Harvest**.

Another foray into the Highlands of New Guinea, this is a further chapter in the life of mixed-race plantation owner Joe Leahy, first introduced in 1989 in the internationally acclaimed Joe Leahy's *Neighbours*.

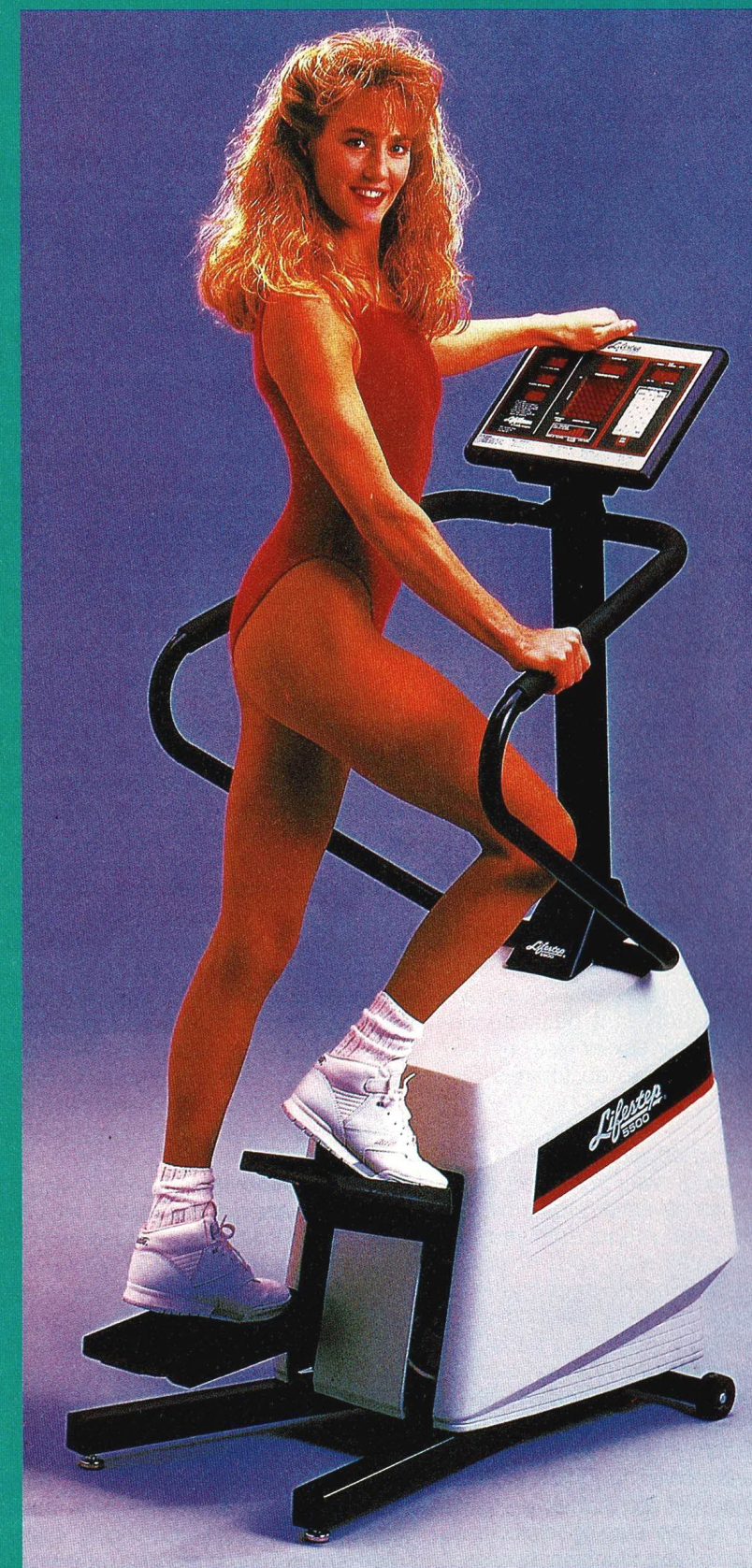
Here, the entrepreneurial Leahy plans to expand his coffee operation with the help of the local Ganiga tribe. Trouble ensues, as it tends to all too frequently in PNG, where the 20th century sits uneasily alongside prehistory. A power struggle between Leahy and the tribal chief leads to warfare - bows, arrows, spears and guns - on the eve of the coffee harvest.

Very much a quality ABC-style doco, and once again a fascinating glimpse into the cultural turmoil of our nearest neighbour. — C.J. Mackay

Above: Christopher Lambert stars in the chess thriller **Knight Moves**. **Left:** The exquisite Song Li in the Academy Award nominated **Raise The Red Lantern**.



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advisor

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Faking it

I am a 25-year-old male and I think my girlfriend is faking her orgasms because there is never any extra wetness when she comes. Could you please tell me whether or not a woman discharges come when she has an orgasm and do all women do this or just some?

Hey, your biology's really up to scratch, matey. No, most women do not discharge "come" when they orgasm. Occasionally a woman will ejaculate, but it's so rare that it often takes the woman herself by surprise. Usually, the only fluids a woman produces during sex are lubricants, and the amount can vary depending on the person and their state of arousal. Even that's not predictable — other factors can influence wetness, such as drugs. If your girlfriend says she comes, and enjoys sex and is satisfied by it, then she probably isn't faking. Who wants to, anyway, if you can have the real thing?

Sexy pictures

My girlfriend and I would like to take photos of us making love, but are in a quandary over how we would get such photos developed. I am sure there will be places that handle such photography, but are they discreet? We would hate to think the photos/negatives were floating around somewhere.

Any major commercial photo lab will usually handle such a job, and with discretion. You can always ask first (in writing, if you're shy). Don't go to your local pharmacy — sometimes people become offended and throw such pics away, even though it's none of their business. If you're really worried about discretion, use a Polaroid. You can get instant pics and they never need go out of the bedroom. Have fun.



right to tell her that you want time out for yourself, and that you'd rather not see her. Often a clean break is the best way out.

Unsafe sex?

My husband and I occasionally have anal sex (once or twice a month) without using a condom. What concerns me is the possibility of developing AIDS. Even though neither of us has ever slept with another person, I have read in a medical book that anal sex, protected or unprotected, is unsafe. Is this so? And what other problems arise from having anal sex?

Girl trouble

I have a problem which I have had difficulty discussing with others. I am presently going steady with a girl whom I really like. However I have discovered that she's been having affairs with other women. I have discussed it with her and she has told me that it's hard for her to relate to men the way she used to. This is having a detrimental effect on our relationship. My girlfriend wants us to part and just be friends. Is it because we can't have a proper sexual relationship? Is there anything I can do to save our relationship?

Your girlfriend is obviously bisexual and perhaps heading away from men altogether. If, by not having a "proper sexual relationship" you mean that she no longer wants sex with you, or is no longer satisfied by it, because she prefers women, then I don't think there's much you can do. She may only just be discovering her sexual preferences for herself, and if so, it's not something that you've done wrong. This has happened to many people, and often it's deeply disturbing and confusing for the individual concerned, let alone their partner. She may not be very sure of herself, and afraid to let go of you altogether because she still feels she needs your support (hence the request to remain friends).

I think the best thing to do, for yourself, is to try to accept the situation. If you feel you can still be friends and offer her some moral support, all well and good. But if you're hurting, you have a

If neither of you has ever slept with anybody else, and has never used drugs intravenously or had a blood transfusion, it is just about impossible to have caught AIDS. The AIDS virus can only be passed from person to person in the ways mentioned above, and unless one of you has been involved in a freak accident in which you've inadvertently exchanged blood with an HIV-positive person, you won't have AIDS. Anal sex therefore would pose no such problem for you.

Other problems arising from anal sex can be urinary infections if your husband doesn't clean up his dick before applying it elsewhere.

More fancy footwork

I am a 35-year-old guy who is into fitness. I was fascinated to read in your May edition of this column about my fellow reader's admission to being an unabashed sneaker fetishist.

I, too, am addicted to sneakers and am delighted to learn that I'm not alone.

My particular version of this fetish requires high-tech modern sneakers such as Reeboks or Nikes — no other types will do and they must be virginally clean, preferably brand new. The main design features required are thick, cushy soles and inner soles and plenty of padding.

A twist to all this which drives me particularly crazy is getting these virginally clean and expensive sneakers totally wet (either with water alone, or with combinations of water, shampoo or various other water-soluble oozy liquids) — the sound

and feeling of the squelches which emanate from the sneakers while on my feet in this condition is unbelievable. My favourite masturbation technique is to walk around like this with various additional pairs of sneakers stuffed down my tight lycra bicycle shorts (with my penis inside one sneaker, which gently moves in and out of the sneaker as I move around, ultimately causing me to come massively in it). While masturbating in this fashion I like to lick and smell sneakers and look at pictures of spunky ladies wearing exercise gear. I also fantasise about these ladies being similar sneaker fetishists and imagine them secretly masturbating with their sneaker collection in gym locker rooms and spa pools, where they may be discovered by their gym instructor at any time!

Luckily my wife is also into fitness and exercise and, although she is not a sneaker fetishist herself, is happy to help me indulge my fantasies. When we combine "normal" sex with my fetish the result is mind-blowing for both of us because she finds that my highly aroused state also rubs off on her.

My main aim in writing this letter is to show the previous writer that he is not alone in this type of fetish. However, I would like your thoughts on the origin of this fetish, and shoe fetishes generally (mine has been "evolving" since my early teens).

How many closet shoe and sneaker fetishists are there out there?

This isn't strictly a fetish. True fetishists can only achieve arousal when acting on their fetish, and the object in question has replaced any other focus of desire. Since you have "normal" sex and a happy relationship, and use your sneaker fetish to heighten your sexual experiences, it's more a preference than a fetish.

Shoe fetishes have probably been around as long as mankind has been wearing the things. The most common one around now is high-heels. A woman in killer stilettos is considered far more sexy than a woman in work boots. We had a letter not too long ago about a woman who liked to keep her heels on during sex — the bloke was having trouble with a scratched back.

Everybody has their preferences in this field, although not necessarily as pronounced as yours. (I always look at a

man's shoes. Boots — work boots or mountain boots — are a big turn-on, whereas a bloke in soft grey loafers hasn't a hope.)

Gender bender

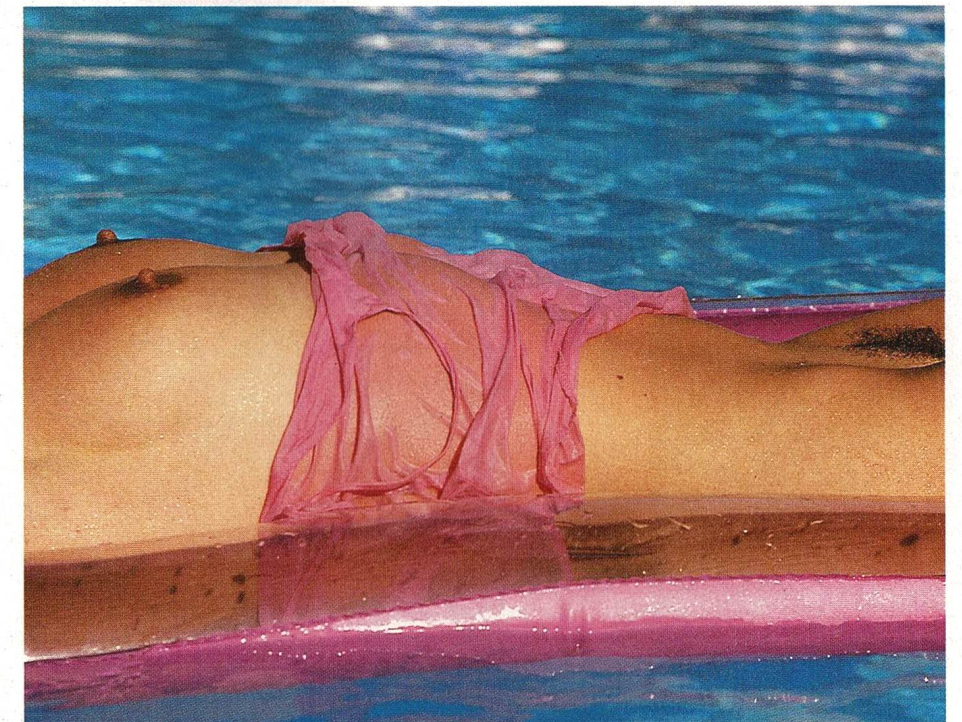
I am 18 and I enjoy wearing women's clothing. I don't share this secret with anyone, not even my girlfriend. Although I'm not game enough to wear this clothing outdoors (much as I want to), I wear it secretly in my bedroom and around the house whenever I can. I've been like this for two years now, and it's steadily getting worse. When wearing women's clothing I really feel I should have been female. I have read many articles about men who have had sex-changes and have seriously considered this option. I am so confused because I want to be female. This is not a fetish.

Another confusing part of my problem

male and female, and since it operates subconsciously, they are often unaware of the source of their behaviour or desires.

It often stems from childhood, from adult attitudes that were expressed to the child, or adult behaviour observed by the child before he/she was old enough to understand it. Such things register in the subconscious, and surface later when the child has reached adulthood, and faces similar adult situations. This often results in deep-seated fear which expresses itself in certain forms of behaviour.

It's actually not too hard to solve such problems, but it usually requires the help of a psychologist. If you don't know where to find one, go to a GP for a referral. You don't have to explain the details to the GP — just tell him/her that you've got a problem and need to see some-



is that I enjoy sex with females as much as any man, but the thought of sex with a male makes me sick. What's wrong with me?

The problem here may be not so much that you want to be female as that you may be having some difficulty in accepting elements of your own masculinity. This happens to quite a lot of people,

one. A lot of men, especially, are shy to seek professional help, thinking that's only for people who've gone troppo. So they struggle on alone.

But with professional guidance a seemingly overwhelming problem becomes manageable, and finally solved. You should certainly try that option before thinking any further about a sex-change.

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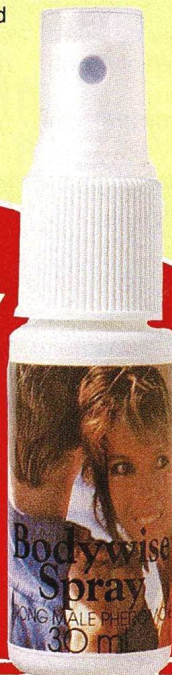
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WARM RIDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
 DENIS DEFRANCESCO

"There's nothing better than the feeling of jumping on a horse and riding as far and as fast as you can," says lovely 23-year-old musician Isabelle Saxe.



The girl with the 34-25-36 curves got her last name from her founding father who was found at a Parisian orphanage's doorstep in a saxophone case many years ago, and she has since taken up the sax professionally.



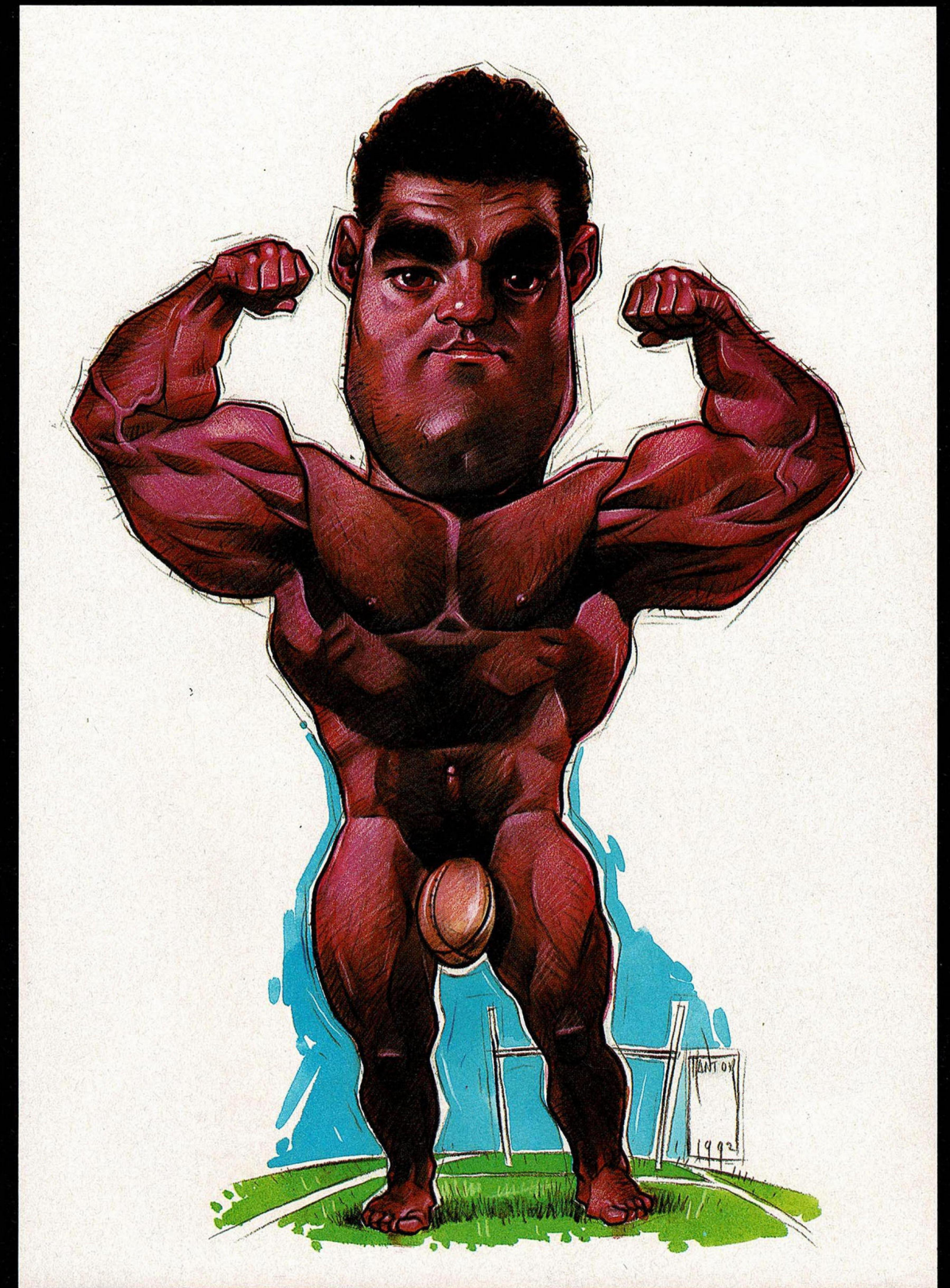


"The only thing that comes close to the sensuality of the saxophone is the feeling of a galloping horse with the wind in your hair," says Isabelle.



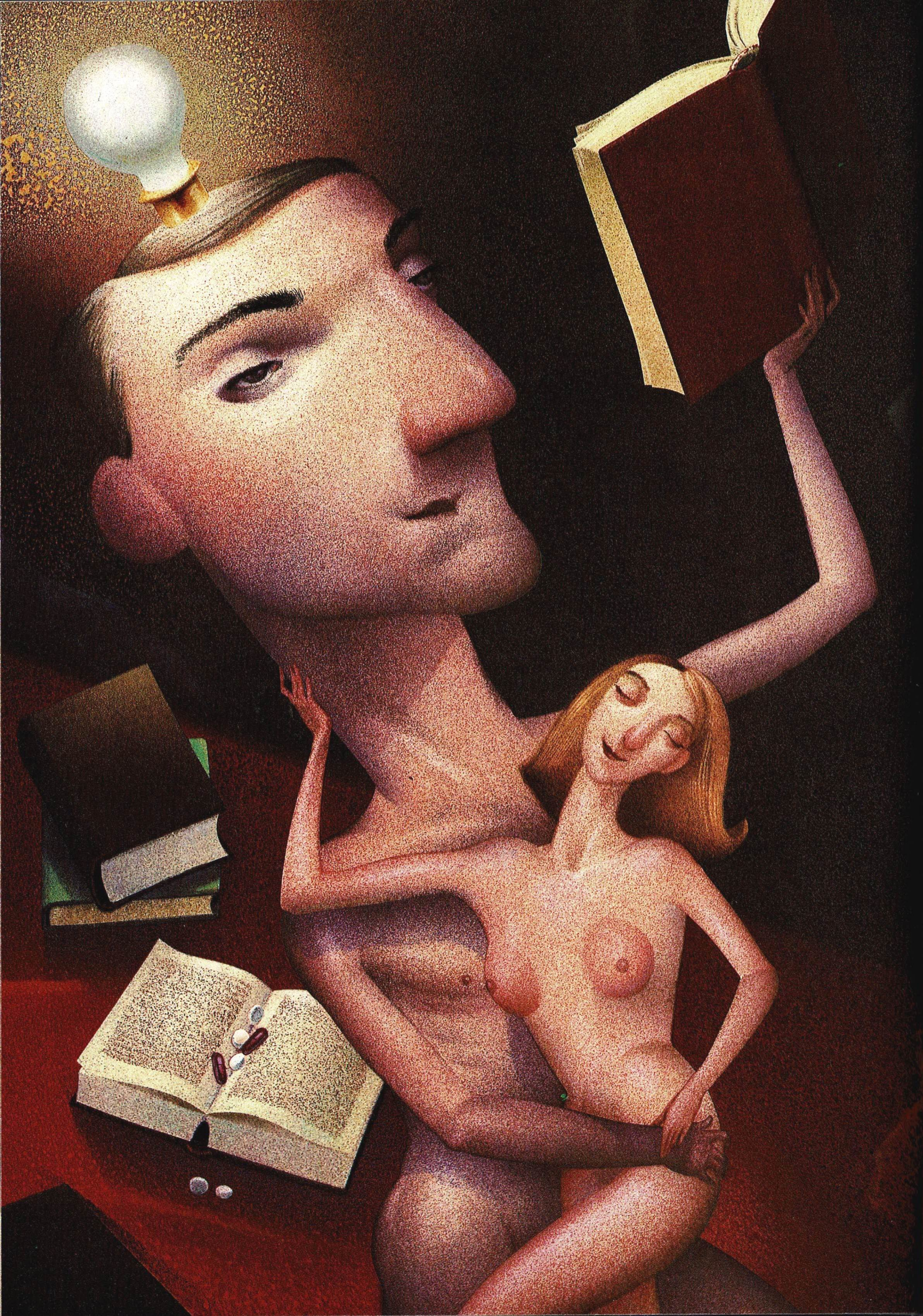


KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Mal Meninga



Ever hear the one about the recreational drug

that makes you smarter, live longer and have better sex?

Chances are, you haven't. Cannabis, LSD, opiates, amphetamines, alcohol and their derivatives are the obvious things that spring to mind when the subject of recreational drugs is raised. And the side-effects of these drugs are not known for their beneficial qualities.

But on the west coast of the United States, a quiet drug revolution has been gaining strength over the past decade. Loosely called the "Smart Revolution" or "New Edge", New-

Age stoners are trading in their traditional drugs for pharmaceuticals, vitamins and amino acids that produce almost unbelievable results.

Better memory recall, accelerated learning, heightened sexuality, greater concentration and longer life are just some of the claims for drugs that are allegedly non-addictive, non-toxic and actually restore the brain rather than destroy it.

And they're a legal high.

The Smart Revolution is centred in California and amalgamates a broad spectrum of society from intellectuals, doctors, health freaks and rock stars to cyberpunks, computer hackers, Alzheimer's sufferers and yuppies.

HIGH

Intelligence

Smart

drugs are

set to take

Australia

by storm

BY MARK ABERNETHY

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

HIGH

The new drug scene takes in a Florida plastic surgeon who keeps his grandmother young with the pharmaceuticals, a bloke called R.U. Sirius who edits a magazine devoted to the cause, a husband-and-wife team of biochemists who write newsletters on the use of the drugs for smartness and longevity, Clint Eastwood and a raft of doctors and academics who wrote books on the subject after seeing the light.

The new cult of intelligence may have originated with former hippies and alternative medico/scientific folk, but now it's establishing itself among ambitious yuppies in North America, Japan and Germany who are looking for that extra "edge" in highly competitive societies.

In Australia, contemporary drug fashion dictates ecstasy, MDA and special-K as the drugs of choice. But in other parts of the world the age of smart drugs has come.

Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters once rented huge halls for their Kool Aid Acid Tests. But in San Francisco the new "tests" happen at places like Mr Floppy's Smart Bar, run by a guy called Galactic Greg, or the Toon Town warehouse parties inhabited by "designer beings" who buy Think Drinks with

names like "Psuper Psonic Psy-ber Tonic" and "Memory Martini."

As in Kesey's day, there are strange films projected on walls to the sounds of techno-punk tripping tunes and the patrons wear paisley flares and flowers in their punk hair. But the punters don't come to take LSD. Hallucinations are redundant and stupid in a generation requiring fast processing of ever-increasing waves of information. Smart drugs take strange drinks that make you smarter and pills that make you hornier. Smart is now cool. Stoned is dumb.

This revolution — New Edge — has not hit Australia in full strength yet, but there are enough dabblers and enthusiasts in this country to suggest the full impact of the Smart Revolution is not far away. But as some Aussie pioneers are already discovering, there are rules and medical ethics to circumnavigate.

The offices of Australian Medical Research look across the sands of the Gold Coast to the Pacific Ocean. Andrew "Max" Smart is fielding telephone inquiries while watching *Donahue* and talking sales figures with his assistants.

The office is littered with boxes of "mind machines", pharmaceutical research papers and smart drugs. There are computers, two telephones and a personal library that contains just about every book ever written on drugs.

It's a far cry from the smart bars of San Francisco, but this office overlooking the Pacific is one of the Smart Revolution's few footholds Down Under.

Smart is a 46-year-old English redhead who first came to Australia as a geologist posted in Mt Isa. But his work now centres on the mysteries of the human brain rather than the Queensland desert. Eighteen months ago he returned to Queensland from an extended stay in the US, where most of his friends were tuning into the New Edge.

He was excited by what he saw and decided Australians were ready for a sub-culture that had started in California more than a decade ago. His instincts proved to be correct. Through his company, Australian Medical Research and his publication *Vibrance* — The Magazine Of Mind Energy — the former mining scientist uncovered a rapidly growing list of Aussie New Edgers from every conceivable walk of life.

"There is incredible curiosity for these pharmaceuticals," says Smart. "I get dozens of letters, faxes and phone calls a week from people wanting to know where they can get them from and at what price. It's quite amazing."

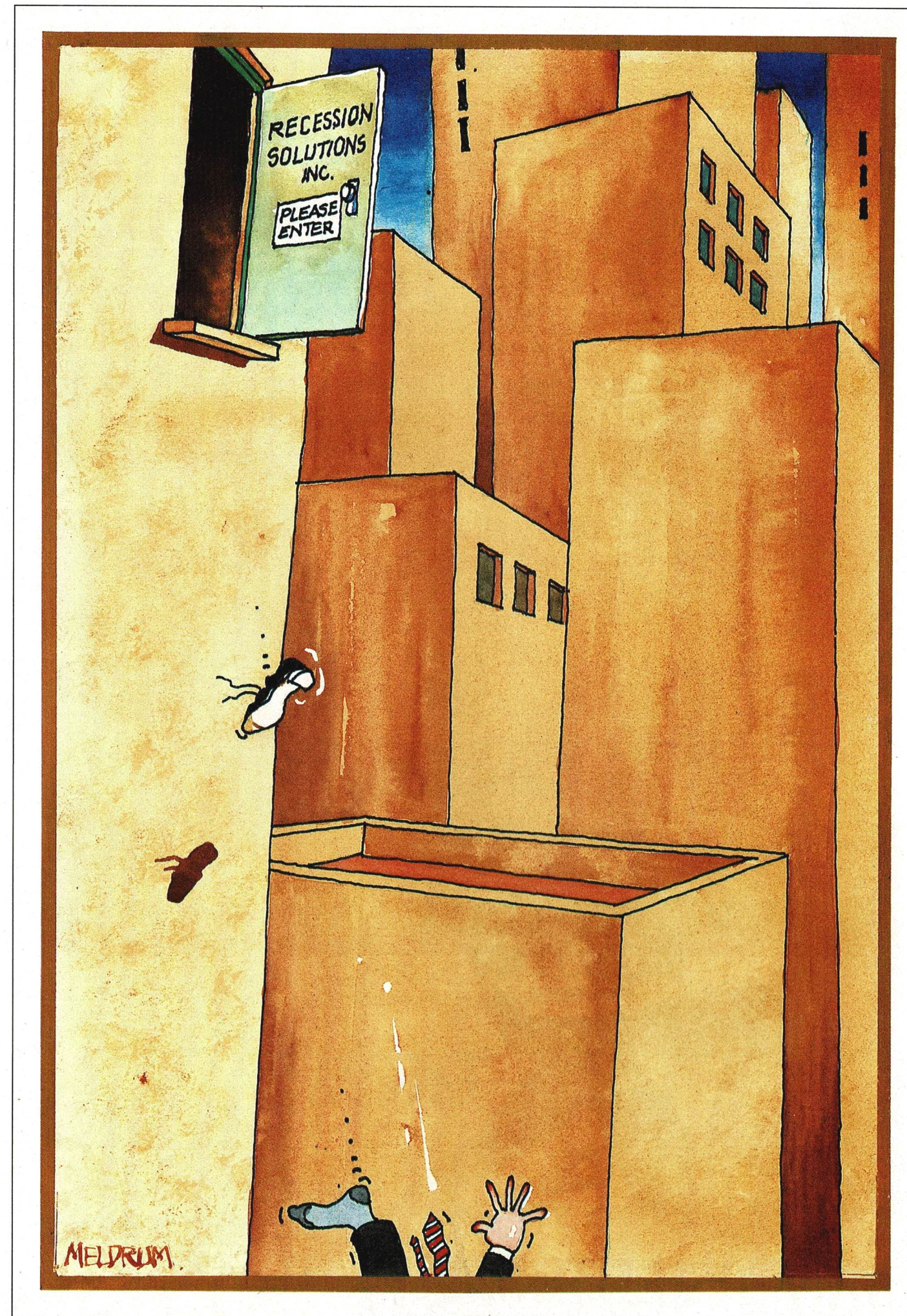
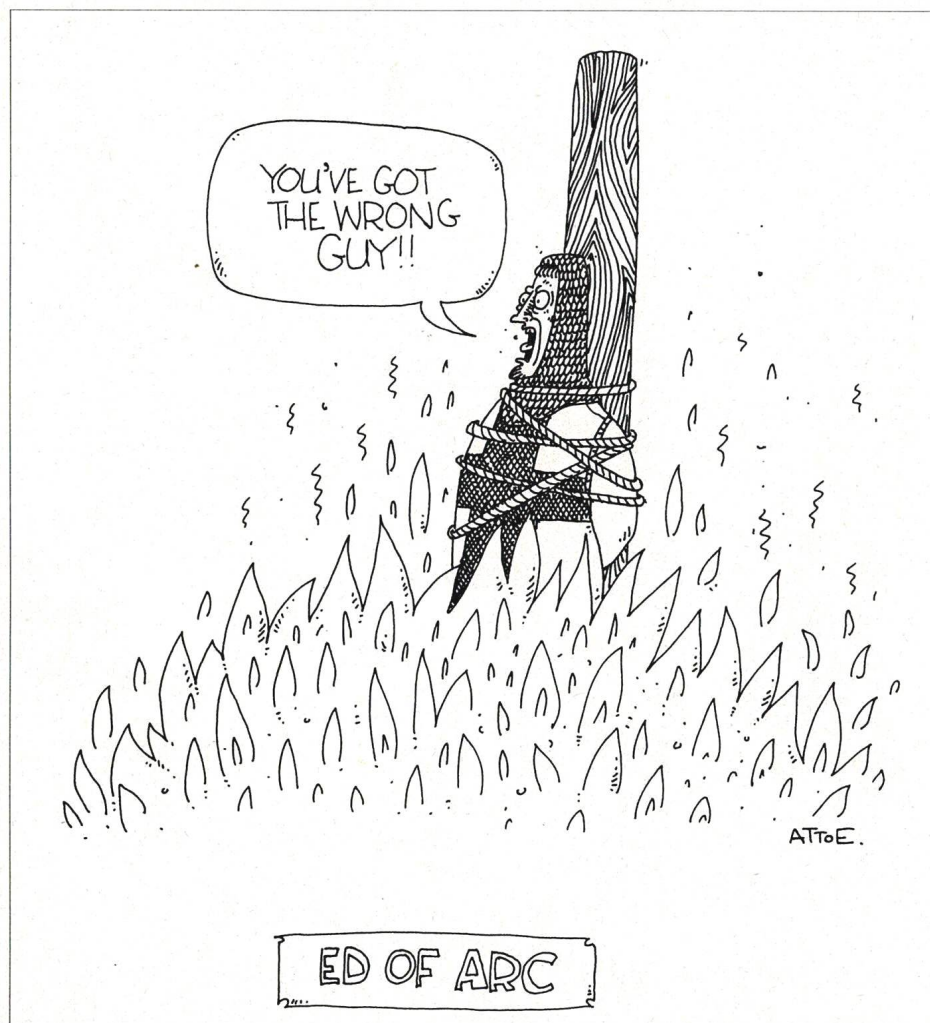
But perhaps more amazing is how available these smart drugs are to the average Australian citizen. Most of the drugs have been developed to counter-act brain dysfunctions that include senile dementia, dyslexia, effects of stroke, epilepsy, Alzheimer's disease and Parkinson's disease. Therefore the drugs are available on prescription, and some don't even require that.

The drugs generally promote brain activity in some way or other, and are said to improve exchanges between the synapses — these being the highly complex "telephone exchange" of the human brain. But the drugs don't only improve synaptic activity in the sick and the old — millions of users worldwide say these drugs actually improve the brains and in some cases, the intellects, of young and healthy people. It's a big claim, but a whole smart-drug industry in the making suggests they work well enough, and for enough people, to be taken seriously.

Smart isn't convinced that these drugs can make a person smarter, but he says New Edgers don't take them for that reason anyway.

"They don't make the user more intelligent — that would be a dangerous claim. What they do is allow a person to fulfill their potential ability. They're all about concentration, focus and clear thought. An added bonus with some of them is that the user can expect a feeling of euphoria or of being more alive — perceptions are heightened."

He says mental states attributed to traditional drugs are avoided by New Edgers. "Terms like 'being out of it' are



HIGH

exactly what these drugs are not about — people take smart drugs to be in it and in touch with their environments."

And it's the achievement and success-driven people in Australia that Smart says are leading the charge for the pharmaceuticals.

There is such a vast array of smart drugs available legally in this country that it would be impossible to list them, with all their alternative names, in one story. However, there is already a pattern of use that points to some being more popular than others.

A popular smart drug is the cheap and effective Piracetam. Developed 20 years ago by Belgian company UCB to combat Alzheimer's disease, it can be bought over the counter in Mexico, but needs a prescription to be imported here. Piracetam is said to make people feel happier and smarter when taken in large doses. Users talk of heightened awareness, mild euphoria, accelerated learning, greater memory retention, improved eyesight and better sex. Side effects can include constipation, nausea and vomiting. The effects can last more than 24 hours, depending on dosage.

Vasopressin is a liquid form of antidiuretic hormone. It comes in a Sinex-

sized bottle and is administered nasally. Initially developed for diabetes and mild haemophilia, Vasopressin comes on fast (in a few seconds) and strong and is said to create a feeling similar to the initial rush of cocaine. It is the best of the smart drugs for memory recall, accelerated learning and intensified sexuality.

The major side effect is the desire to defecate and nasal congestion. Another drawback is the cost of the stuff. Sold as Diapid, it's available on prescription at Australian pharmacies for just under \$200 a bottle.

Hydrgine is another favourite for the smart druggies, but since it is not approved for marketing in Australia, it must be imported. Originally discovered in the Forties by LSD inventor Dr Albert Hoffman, it's an oral pharmaceutical which was used in Britain for many years for treatment of Alzheimer's disease. It supposedly increases mental activity, increases concentration and makes the user feel smarter. Smart druggies say that unless you can score the 5mg tabs, you're wasting your time.

Dilantin started life as an epilepsy treatment and to date, the treatment of seizures is still its only medically recognised use. However, so many other uses have been attributed to Dilantin that there are more than 8,000 research papers in existence on the drug. Of

interest to smart druggies are the tests among elderly dementia sufferers and healthy young people alike, that attribute higher IQ scores, better memory and increased verbal abilities to those who use it.

Choline increases the amount of acetylcholine in the human brain, which makes for better memory and greater intelligence. Choline doesn't need a doctor's prescription and is cheaply available in health stores. It is suggested that Choline not be taken by manic depressive people because it can lengthen the depression.

Procaine Hydrochloride, marketed by German company Schwarzhaupt as KH3, is said to improve concentration, alertness, recollection and physical power. Schwarzhaupt's information pamphlet contains the interesting remark: "Though originally used in geriatrics with success, KH3 has more recently proven useful for younger people who find themselves physically and mentally overloaded."

Using and importing the wonder drugs is a legal activity. The ones that must be imported are Procaine Hydrochloride, Piracetam and Hydrgine. With these pharmaceuticals, a 90-day supply of each type can be imported from a country such as Mexico. The only catch is that you need a doctor's prescription.

Also popular for Australian New Edgers are love drugs. These are also legal on prescription and like smart drugs, they were developed to stimulate the brain and combat mental illness. When taken by a healthy person, they are said to produce heightened awareness, euphoria and horniness.

Bromocriptine enhances the brain's own production of dopamine — a neurotransmitter in the brain that accounts for emotions, aggression and libido. This drug is also called Parlodel and is taken orally. Studies suggest it can preserve the brain and lead to a longer life as well as increased horniness.

Deprenyl has similar libido-enhancing properties to Bromocriptine, but it increases dopamine in the brain by killing the amino acid responsible for depleting dopamine. Taken in the right doses, it can keep a person feeling horny for many hours.

L-Dopa is the wonder drug in the movie *Awakenings* that knocks Robert de Niro out of his slumber. It is an amino acid that the brain turns into dopamine, and is now being used by mind expansionists to feel smarter. It is expensive and hard to get hold of. But it is popular because, when taken with Bromocriptine and Deprenyl, it purportedly makes a person more confident, more aware and hornier than usual.

Continued on page 108

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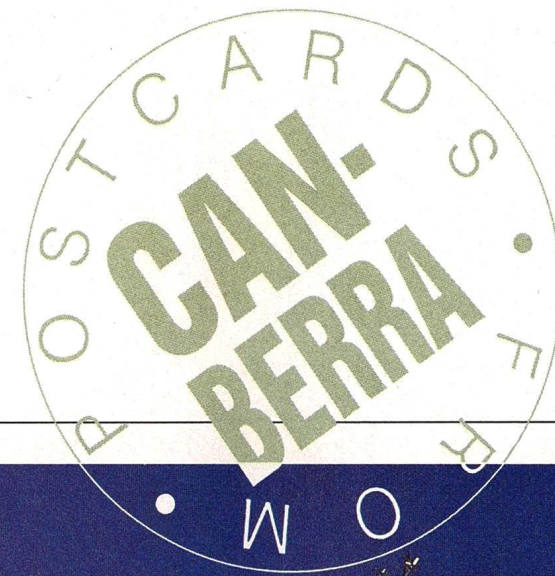
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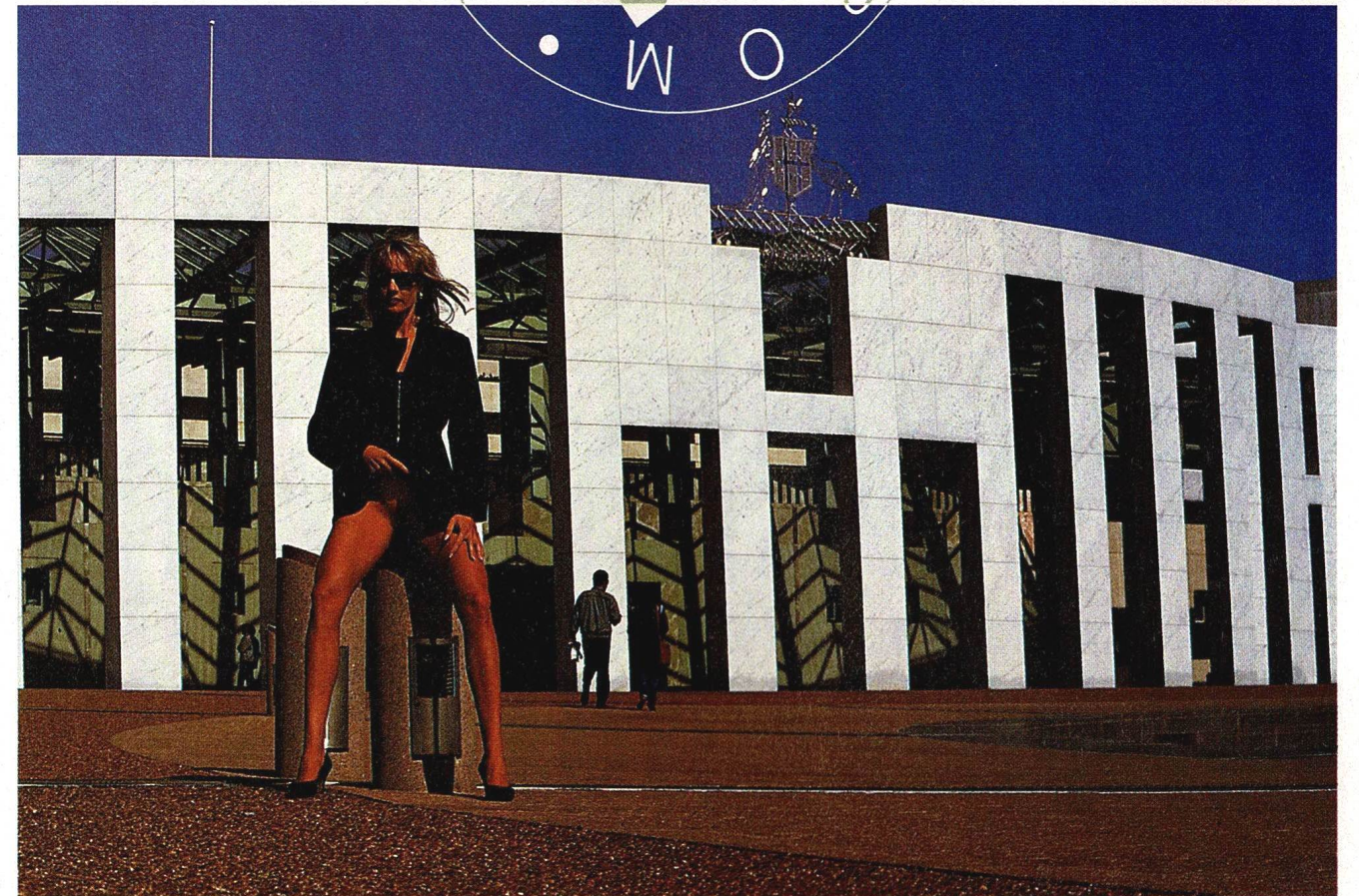
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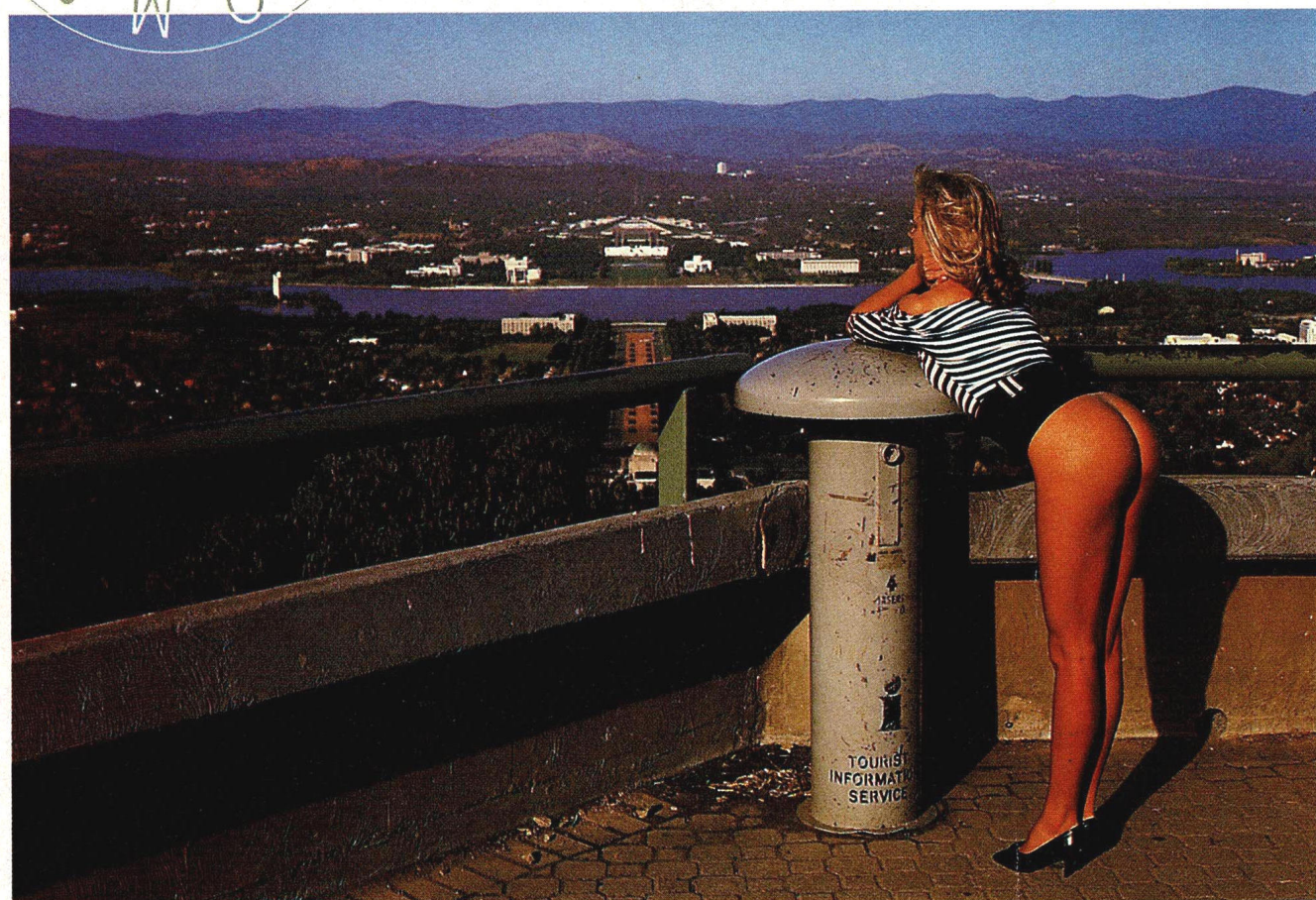
PHOTOGRAPHY AND STYLING BY ADAM WATSON. LINGERIE BY FOLLY DAZE, SYDNEY. CLOTHING BY CRAZY GIRL BOUTIQUE, SYDNEY.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM WATSON

Wish You Were Here

Hi guys. Just a short note to say I made it to the Capital in one piece. Been looking for the politicians but the sight seers seem happy looking at other things!



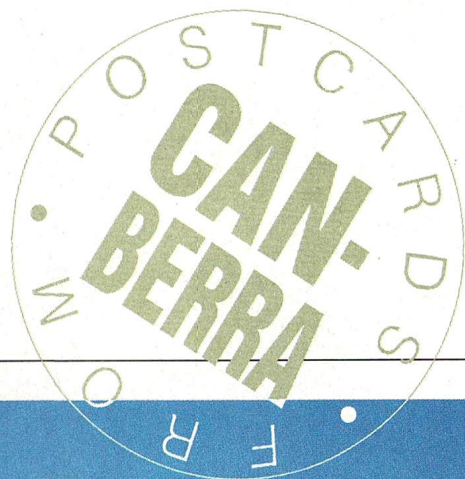
Finally made it to the top for some great views ...
of Canberra that is. They say this place is boring,
but I reckon it's quite a sight. What do you guys
think?





POSTCARDS
CANBERRA
FROM





Met this nice guy on the Parliament tour. We swapped numbers and he said he'd be seeing me again. I bet he never thought it would be like this.



POSTCARDS
CAN-
BERRA
FR





POSTCARDS
CAN-
BERRA
FOR



When "Snake-Eyes" Webster kicked the can he left a little something for his mate Thackeray — a little something that proved very hot to handle.

THE T PORN TICKET

I doubt if the law ever caught up with "Snake Eyes" Webster for any more than a quarter of his serious crimes. Ultimately it was left to his de facto-of-the-month with the Staysharp kitchen knife.

"I guess," he wheezed through his punctured lung as he lay dying in hospital, "I'm finally paying my debt to Society."

"Never mind about Society, you arsehole," I said. "What about your debt to me?"

"Yeah, yeah," he nodded righteously. "You won't miss out, mate, you won't lose. I've had something — cough cough — put away..." He tapped cryptically at the plaster on his chest.

"If you're offering me first crack at your one-owner organs," I said, "I wouldn't feed 'em to next door's dog."

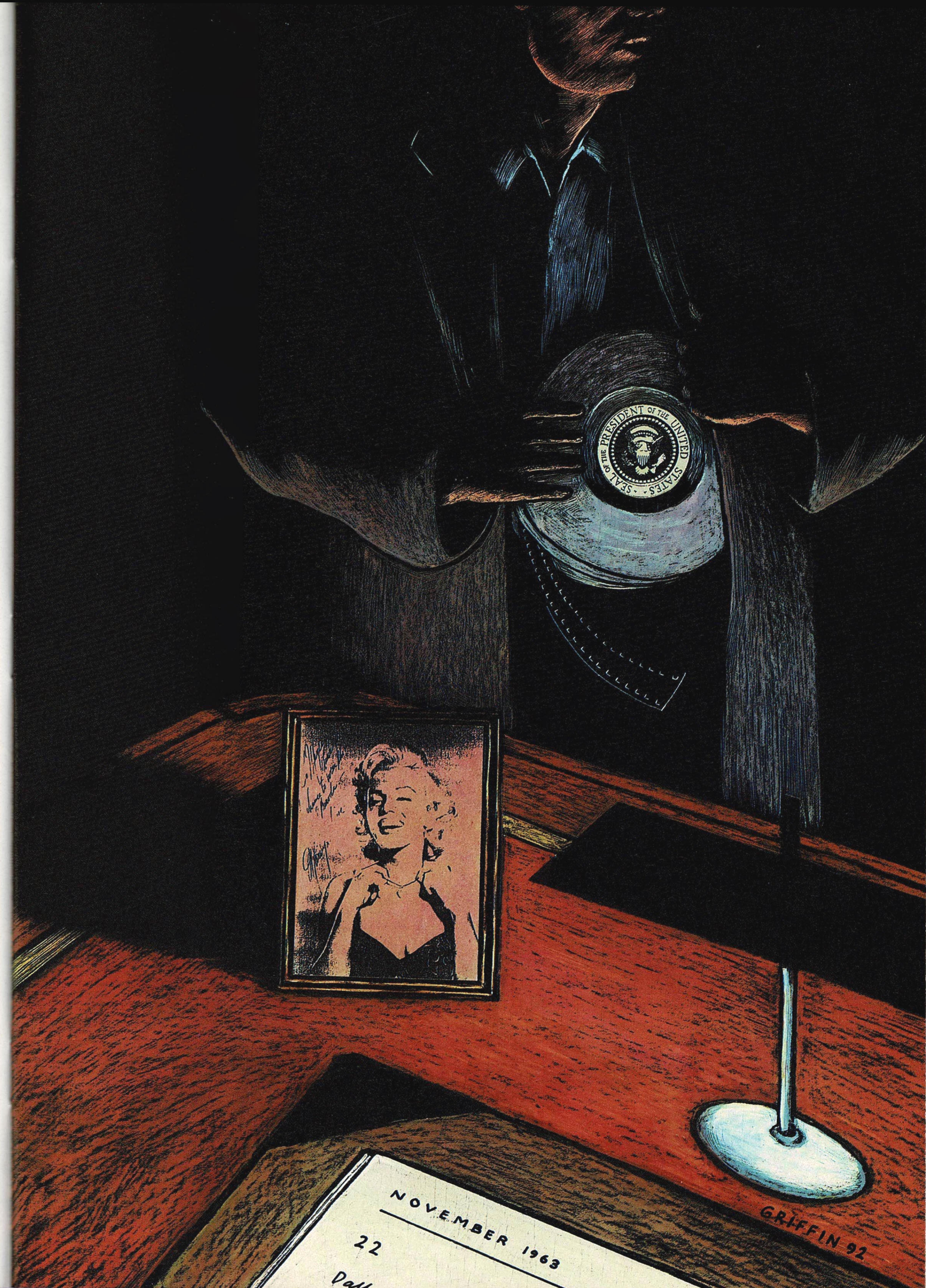
"Key to a safe deposit box," he gasped. "Never take it from round me neck. They whacked the bloody plaster straight over the top of it!"

"So how the fuck am I supposed to...?"

But his eyes rolled up into his head and he ceased communicating. He was still blowing bubbles in his windpipe, though.

The nurse came in and said that that looked like it for the night.

FICTION BY ROGER RAFTERY
ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER GRIFFIN



PORN TICKET

She pulled the curtain around his bed. "Just about curtains for keeps, by the look of him," I suggested. She smiled back sympathetically and then pointed unsympathetically to the "No Smoking" sign. I tossed my butt on the floor and extinguished it with my shoe. "What's your name, Curly-Top?" I asked her.

"Rebecah," she said. "You knock off in a few minutes don't you?"

"Meal break in ten," she said. "How'd you like to come across the road with me for a drink?"

"I don't drink, and in any case I'm spoken for. I'm bethrothed back home."

"We're a long way from Fiji," I said.

"Tonga," she said.

"Still a long way to stretch a promise. This can be a big, lonely place for a young girl away from home. What say you come over just for a friendly chat? Completely obligation-free trial offer of my company."

"I suppose it can't do any harm," she said.

One orange juice and one experimental half-brandy later, she was on the back seat of my car with her regulation drawers dangling from one ankle and her Methodist morals from the other.

"I don't know," she said, kissing my sweaty, hairy chest. "You white people send all those missionaries over to us urging chastity and yet..."

"We tried to amend their orders," I said, "but they'd already left."

I thought we were sufficient pals by this time to broach my little problem with her while I took the long way back to the hospital. "Old Snake Eyes can't have too much longer to go, can he?" I asked.

"Mr Webster? No, it doesn't seem so. Were you very close?"

"Next of kin, you might say," I said. If I hung around the waiting room, I wondered out loud, would she let me know when he passed over so I could retrieve something that belonged to me from his person? Where from his person? she wondered. "Under the plaster," I said.

"I'll get into trouble!" she said. "I'll probably get rolled!"

"Just tip me off, I'll do the rest."

"I don't like it," she said, shaking her head as we pulled into the hospital car park.

"You didn't like alcohol and sex till tonight either," I reminded her.

I skulked about the waiting room for nearly six hours. Even though she was working double shifts, I was getting worried that Rebecah would be off-duty when Webster finally got round to croak-

ing. But just when I'd had about all flesh-and-blood could stomach of canteen coffee and glossy geographics, she popped her head around the door and nodded the news to me.

"About time, you bastard," I muttered as I hurried upstairs to Men's Surgical with the car's jack handle under my coat. Rebecah pulled the curtain back for me. "Just stand guard out there," I told her.

"Richard!" she boomed over, "You said I only had to..."

"It's only for a minute," I assured her.

I whacked hard at the plaster. It gave but didn't break. I whacked again. It took four solid hits before I tore away a lump of plaster, bandage, skin, hair and the key. I stowed it in my pocket. I'd been making enough racket to rattle the bedpans three floors down, but Snake Eyes lay there placidly through the whole thing. It took all my forbearance not to give the son of a bitch a whack across his smug face with the jack handle while I was about it.

"How'm I going to explain this?" Rebecah shrieked when she saw the mess.

"Nobody can connect you with it, sweetness. For all anyone knows, maybe debt collecting heavies are going around trying to repossess Pacemakers or something."

"Will you call me?"
"Sure," I said kissing her.
"Make sure you do."

The key had the bank name and box number stamped on it. I looked at my watch. By the time I got over there it would be just about opening time.

"Mmmm, Mr Webster," the young jock bank officer with the cropped hair and the broken nose said, poring over his terminal, "you seem to be some \$250 in arrears with the safe deposit box rental and charges. I'm afraid you'll have to settle up before we can let you have access."

I suspected the little prick knew I wasn't really Mr Webster. So unless I wanted to proceed through the messy formalities of probate and codicils and wills and things, I didn't have much choice. I shelled out. He took me into the strong room and left me to it. When I got the box out it felt unhealthily light and I started planning \$250 worth of indignities on Snake Eyes' mortal remains.

I cleaned the key off as best I could and I wiggled it into the lock. The lid came open to reveal the meagre contents: three or four IOUs that Snake Eyes was never likely to have collected on, certainly not now. And an envelope containing a dozen erotic photographic studies — all of Snake Eyes himself. A sick mind in a sick body.

I had second thoughts and took the photographs back out of the envelope. Sticky-taped to the back of one of them was a pawn ticket from the Four Aces Pawnshop. With Snake Eyes's devious nature that was probably how he stashed his really hot stuff.

I lit a cigarette, popped it into the envelope with the photographs and popped them into the waste-paper bin with the IOUs. I positioned the bin under the fire-detector sprinklers and made my way out of the strong room.

"All fixed up?" the young jock asked me.

"Yep," I said.
"Have a nice day."

"I'll try," I said. "Although I think we could be in for a spot of rain."

Ace Liebler had his short, fat frame squeezed between the eight-track cartridges and stolen car radios behind the counter of the Four Aces Pawnshop. "Snake Eyes is dead, Thackeray," he was saying to me. "He ain't going to redeem the pledge now, so by rights the goods has to go into my next auction. You know the regulations."

"Yeah, I do," I said. "I wasn't aware you did. I'm redeeming the pledge, all right?" I shoved the ticket across the counter at him.

"I dunno," he said doubtfully, "I'm down a grand on this thing already."

"A grand," I said. "You never advanced a grand on anything smaller than a Lear Jet in your life." (The face value of the ticket was \$25 but face values never counted for much among friends at Ace's.)

The item we were haggling over was a small antique — or at least antiquated — floor safe.

"Is there anything in it?" I asked him. "How should I know?" he said.

"Because you have tried everything short of gelignite, by the look of it, to get it open to see."

He shrugged.

"Two hundred and fifty, cash in hand," I said, putting the notes into his pudgy hand as I spoke. "Or I hit you over the head with the thing and walk out with it for nothing."

"Take it," he said, popping a mittful of his blood pressure pills. "You sure you ain't got any Palestinian blood?"

I took it — all the way out to No-Pants Quarry, an old industrial site now principally used after dark by young bloods all over the town wishing to dispose of gutted cars, semen and other unwanted items. I put a charge on the hinges and one in the keyhole. They blew, but didn't quite blow the door. So I tipped the safe off the top of the 30m cutting. When I got down there the safe door was open.

In the safe was a film can. In the

film can was a reel of 35mm movie film. I ran a few feet out through my hands and looked at it against the sky. Porn. And old porn at that, by the look of it.

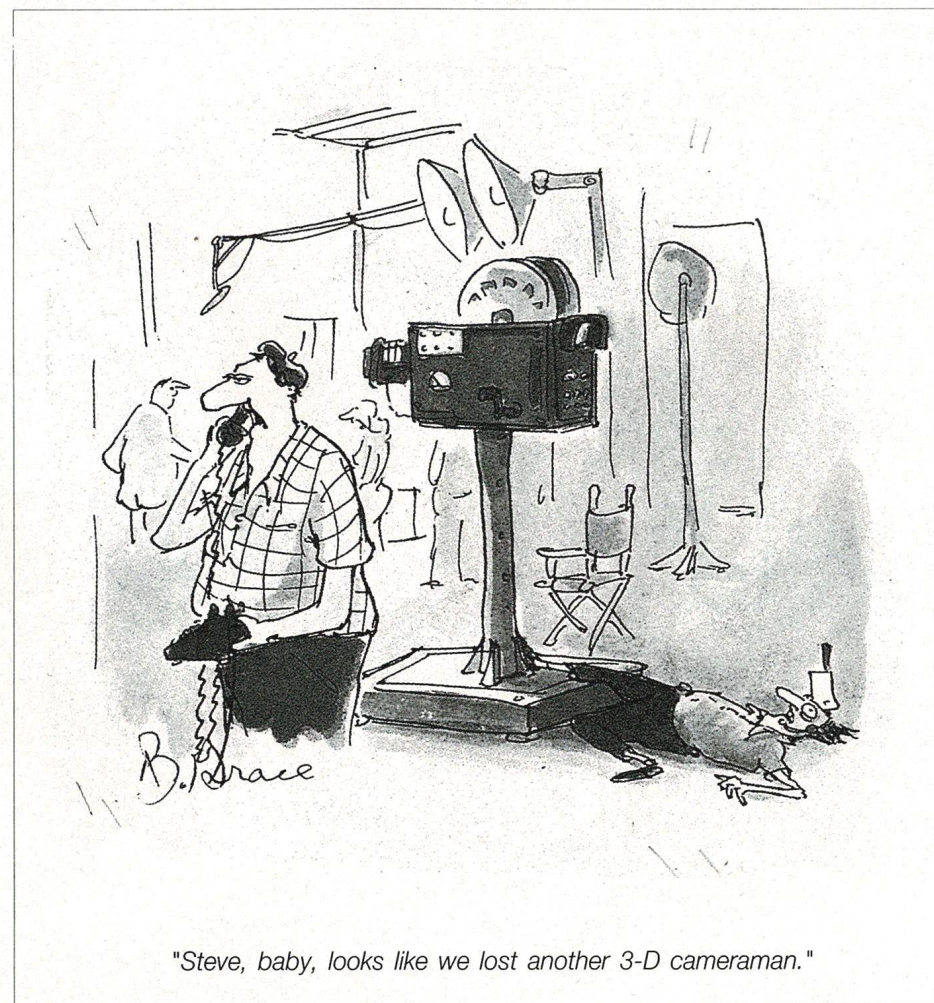
I checked my watch. Over at the hospital Rebecah would be about due to knock off for a couple of days. She was cute and she was hot, and I guess I still owed her. So I drove over there to pick her up. She looked like she'd been waiting for me. She flung her arms around my neck and kissed me thirstily.

"Shit, I bet you can cook as well, can't you?" I said. I took her back to my place and installed her in my bed. Later I told her to make herself at home — I had to go out.

"Where?" she asked.
"The pictures," I said.

Nick Angelos ran the Liberty Adult Movie Theatre — Private Viewing Booths Available! I gave him a few dollars to whack my reel of film on for me and go out to the foyer for a smoke.

I sat on my own in the small theatre and the images began to jiggle on the screen. It was probably the first time in the Liberty's history that a patron's entire body underwent erection. The Age of Wonders wasn't past ... one of western man's most long-sought mythical objects really existed after all. Forget the Grail, the Philosopher's Stone or the Fountain of Youth — there were



"Steve, baby, looks like we lost another 3-D cameraman."



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PORN TICKET

other lost gold mines besides the Dutchman's.

There, flashing about on the screen, was the lusty, fleshy posterior of the naked young Norma Jean Baker/Montenson/Monroe. There on the screen was the artistic clash of that fabulous blonde hair against her male co-star's dark pubes as those iconic red lips went right down on him in close-up. Absent were any signs of dope, depression or decline. That virginal white skin wasn't yet a death pallor pasted over with buckets of make-up. And she possessed that *sine qua non* of the successful porn actress to boot: she seemed to be enjoying her work.

His big organ went slotting into her sloppy organ (there were no *Misfits* about this production), but that was as far as I got. I ran all the way up to the projection booth and kicked the machine off myself. I rewound what I'd already seen and tucked the can under my wing.

"That was quick," Nick said out in the foyer. "Hot stuff eh?"

"Nah," I said, "I've been done. *The Year Of The Golden Beaver* and it turns out to be a bloody Walt Disney true-life adventure." Nick shrugged the solidarity of a hard-world habitue.

I stashed the film can in the boot of my car and drove back home higher than the cloud that floats o'er yonder vale and hill. Good old Snake Eyes. I had guessed all along that whatever he'd had "put away" would have been something he'd picked up in his travels as a courier for Nugan Hand. (Although I have to own up to the suspicion that it would turn out to be a cache of Saigon Government Bonds or similar.)

When I opened my door Rebecah — attired only in one of my old jumpers — threw her arms around my neck again. Only this time she was crying. Behind her I could see one heck of a mess. Either she was a somewhat slacker roommate than she was a bedmate, or some sort of whirlwind had been through the place.

"Some men," Rebecah sobbed. "They said — they said you had something that belonged to them."

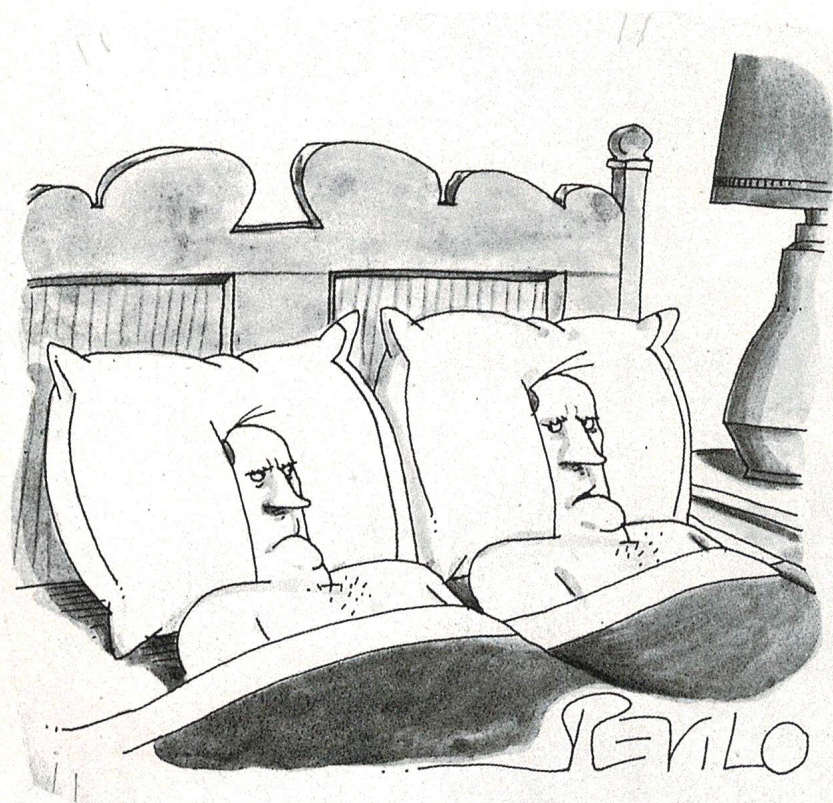
They were probably right. Prima facie anything of value Snake Eyes had ever had belonged to someone else.

"What were they like?"

"Big!" she said.

As I held her in my arms, the street behind me went berserk with blue strobe lights as cop cars converged from most points of the compass.

I looked at Rebecah. She shook her head vigorously. "I didn't call them," she said.



"Mother was right; marriages between twins just don't work out!"

"You're learning, love," I told her.

Head of the expedition seemed to be Inspector a'Beckett, the pride of the CIB, who bounded over to me and said: "A mutual friend of ours just passed away — Ace Liebeler. He was beaten to death. And do you know what his last two words in this life were?"

"Ouch ouch?" I hazarded.

"Richard," he said "and 'Thackeray'."

A'Beckett left the Light Horse outside and pushed his way in with Detective Sergeant Browne-Nose, his chief coat holder. "Christ alive, it's a hell of a frigging mess, isn't it?" he said, looking around.

"Only to you anal-retentive public-service types," I said. "I thought it was rather homey."

"What happened here? Someone looking for something?"

"Just a bit of over-enthusiastic love-making," I said putting my arm around Rebecah's waist. "You're only young once."

A'Beckett looked at her hard for the first time. "Is she over the age?" he asked.

"Yep," I said. "Over the age, valid entry visa, financial union ticket, tetanus shots — the works."

"Do your Mum and Dad know the sorts of things you're getting into over here?" a'Beckett asked her paternally.

"Probably not in specific detail," I answered for her.

"You don't want to associate with the likes of him, darling," a'Beckett warned her. "It's statistically unhealthy. Another one of your old cronies," he said addressing me again, "Lawrence James Webster, just passed away violently too, I see."

"Oh yeah," I said. "I think I remember reading something about it in the *Church Times*."

He gave permission for Rebecah to go into the bedroom to get some more clothes on and then got relentlessly stuck into me on the subject of Ace Liebeler.

As far as a'Beckett was concerned there were two types of private detective in the world: Respectable chaps who had retired honourably from the force (a phone call ahead of Internal Affairs); and the vermin. Unfortunately for our social and business relations, I fell into the latter class.

"You want to see some pretty pictures?" he asked and showed me some black-and-white photographs of the black-and-blue Ace Liebeler on the autopsy table. Poor old Ace; donations to MOSSAD instead of flowers, please.

"You can't deny you knew him," a'Beckett barked in my earhole.

Continued on page 104



wendy



If you want to keep up with 20-year old Wendy Joseph then you'll have to be quick because this girl's trot is the equal of most men's gallop. The lovely natural blonde is a fitness freak presently studying physical education at university, and she doesn't slow down for anyone.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

co-ed capers



"I live my life at a certain pace. If I'm not at the gym, then I'm studying, and if I haven't got my nose in the books then you'll find me on the tennis court or swimming," says the live-wire Sagittarian.







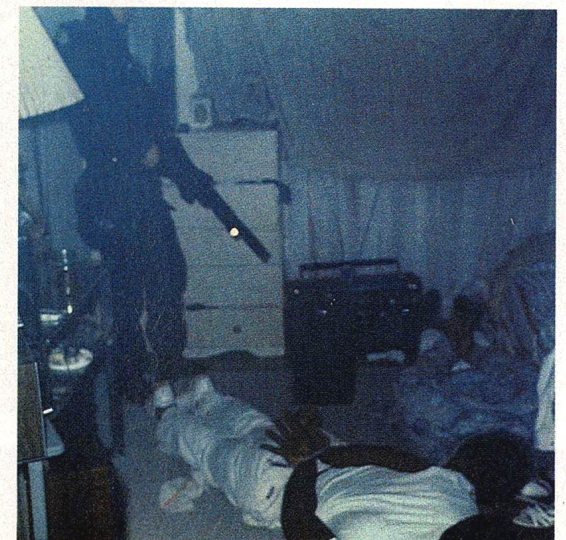
The hazel-eyed beauty believes a healthy mind and body are equally important and intends teaching at high school in the next few years. "I want to take boys' classes, because they're more physical and keen on sports," she says.





Armed RESPONSE

**The phenomenon
of urban siege demands
radical police tactics**



It usually begins with a domestic. In a moment of anger a spouse pulls out the gun and then it's all on. A neighbour phones the cops, who in turn call for a SWAT team.

Dressed in black, they arrive wearing their helmets, jump suits, bullet-proof vests and sporting the latest in assault rifles.

The siege has begun.

It's a scenario now familiar to police, criminals and public alike. But it wasn't until a day in the late Sixties, when a besieged Los Angeles chapter of the Black Panthers started shooting back at police, that the concept of the urban armed siege began to be seen as something which required specialist police attention.

Every major — and not-so-major — city in the world now has special police units assigned to resolving armed siege.

While Australian police forces attend their share of these armed stand-offs that

PHOTOS AND TEXT BY BRETT STEVENS

Armed Response

often involve a hostage, it is the United States that ranks as the world capital of sieges.

The American Constitution states that it is every citizen's right to bear arms and it is the high prevalence of gun ownership accompanying this constitutional right that has made the word "siege" as synonymous with US policing as traffic tickets. The proof of this is seen most clearly in Los Angeles.

The SWAT (Strategic Weapons Assault Team) units that exist in police forces all over the US have suffered from a bad public image because of their sinister dark clothing and an apparent "shoot to kill" mentality. These highly trained teams may seem over the top, but in LA the police have learned by experience that they have to meet force with force.

"At most sieges we surround the house and just hold tight until they're talked out and hopefully contain the situation. But now and again you get one which can get a bit hairy," says an LA SWAT officer. "We've all had our fair share of people trying to use us for target practice. And now and again you find yourself lying in some neighbour's flowerbed with the disconcerting feeling that they can see you but you can't see them."

Although the majority of sieges end



Above left: SWAT cops break into the basement of a besieged house.

Above right: Flash grenades thrown through a bathroom window to stop drug dealers flushing evidence down the toilet. Left: After the siege — suspects on the ground and cuffed.



peacefully, there have been times when the gunman has begun to kill his hostages.

At a siege in San Diego, where Vietnamese gang members began to shoot employees of a bank, SWAT police had no choice but to storm the building. In the ensuing melee the four gang members were killed after they had murdered six innocent people.

Sieges can take on many shapes and forms and do not necessarily involve the threat of weapons, as was shown when an ex-convict took his girlfriend's baby and held it out of a second story window to keep police at bay. While the man held the baby and negotiated with police, Sergeant Kenneth Thatcher and two associates climbed a ladder and crept through a bathroom window. When surprised by the three cops the man attempted to dive out the window while still holding the baby, but was dragged back just in time.

"The guy had arms that were bigger than my legs," says Thatcher. "And when I punched him in the face he just laughed — then flung me across the room."

One of the cops then jumped on the criminal's back. But when they finally succeeded in cuffing his arms behind him they found they had trapped their

workmate on his back and had to uncuff the offender. The fight then started all over again.

At an abortion clinic where a gunman had taken two female hostages, the police were ordered to deliver the man a getaway car. The terrorist then drew a plan showing where he wanted the car to be placed and folded it into the shape of a paper plane.

"Wouldn't you know it — an air current takes hold and it floats off with me chasing after it way across the carpark. I think it broke some kind of paper plane flight record," Thatcher adds with a chuckle.

Then, without warning, the car was suddenly enveloped in a cloud of white smoke as the gunman shot a fire extinguisher cartridge into the sedan. When the assault team ran towards the car they found three people in the front seat, all wearing surgical gowns, caps and masks. "We couldn't tell who was who until the one in the centre pointed a pistol at John Helms and yelled at him to back off," says Thatcher.

Helms rocked back on his heels but then the gunman made the mistake of pointing the pistol at the girl and was immediately shot twice in the head.

"We shot him, but he didn't fall. So we kept on shooting and even wound-

Armed Response

ed the girl in the leg until we found that they were all tied together around the neck and that was why he couldn't fall."

In another part of town a neighbour's dog barks as a dozen armed SWAT men sprint across the front lawn of a besieged crack house.

One cop covers his comrades with his shotgun as another pulls the pin on a flash grenade and tosses it through the broken bathroom window. A few seconds later it explodes with a loud bang, sending a shower of sparks ten metres into the air. The cop continues to lob the grenades through the hole, preventing the drug dealers from flushing their merchandise down the toilet.

The heavily fortified front door is forced open. More flash grenades are thrown inside, dazzling everyone with their bright fluorescence and smoke. Then with bellowed calls of "police" and "search warrant" the team enters, levelling their shotguns at any potential gunman.

More than any other factor, it is hard drugs that have contributed to the violence these cops now face.

In the Seventies the authorities felt the sting of marijuana, but with the following decade came the battle against drugs such as cocaine and crack.

Hard drugs mean large profits to those prepared to take the risk of selling them. And with so much money at stake, those involved often resort to violence to obtain or keep what they have. It leads to a siege mentality and to this end local drug squads find they have to gain entry into increasingly well-fortified drug houses.

Bars and steel doors have turned many of these drug houses into fortresses, with well-armed dealers increasingly more willing to shoot it out with police. As time went by and more police died, the department came to realise that they needed specialists to do the job safely.

The LAPD decided to take the crooks head-on and recruited people who were prepared to meet the hazards and supplied them with the equipment to do the job. "If we come up against a steel-barred door we simply attach a hook and use the truck winch," says SWAT Officer Kroeber.

When they first tried this technique, they simply attached the hook and drove off, which flung the door over the truck and across the street.

When the building is too well fortified, the kid gloves are taken off and the SWAT unit will crash through the wall using an armoured car with a battering ram attached.

There are frequent shoot-outs, causing death in both camps, but the men



Above left: A SWAT officer surveys a house after yet another raid in the world's siege capital. Above right: More suspects cuffed after a raid — armed siege has increased with the rise of drug-related crime. Left: For the best-fortified crack houses, SWAT cops use their last resort — the SWAT Raid.



of SWAT have the edge with the protective gear they wear.

Says Kroeber: "We were throwing flash-bang grenades down the hall as we went when Mark Takioshi was shot point-blank in the head by some gang-banger. Lucky for him the helmet deflected the round."

To enter such a dangerous environment, either for the purpose of arresting a besieged gunman or effecting a drug raid, could be described as one of the most high-risk jobs in existence. These men have seen death first-hand and have been there when close friends have been maimed or killed.

A building entry could be likened to a parachute jump — every time they go through the door they can never be sure whether the chute will open. And this is why it takes a unique individual to do the job day in and day out.

While SWAT men train for the very worst situations, they realise that, more often than not, a serious problem will not exist.

"If you pay attention to a lot of these siege stories you'll see that for the most part they're just ordinary people suffering from their addiction or some psychological problem," says Thatcher. "And you're not going to take pride in shooting such a person. These aren't

disciplined terrorists, these are people who just need help.

"We want to play it safe, both for us and for the person inside the building. The easiest way to end a siege situation is to kill them. And we could resolve a lot of situations that way."

But SWAT cops are often derided and lampooned in the media for their apparent paramilitary behaviour and a reluctance to practice the new "community aware" style of policing now fashionable in the US.

"Unfortunately we don't live in a sweet and pure-hearted world," one veteran sergeant remarks. "And there are a lot of people out there who couldn't give a damn how nice you are to them. They take it upon themselves to break society's rules and in the process ruin or take other lives. So if our tactics seem a bit over the top, then you just have to remember what type of people we are dealing with here."

Says another officer: "I've seen my partners hurt, some even killed. And I've often been tempted to just walk away from the whole thing. But if we don't stop these people and show them that we mean business, they'll just turn this city into a wasteland. And because our families also live here, we're not going to let that happen." 



After the dance

Watching the smooth, erotic movements of Danny's strip act at a local club was a thing of beauty for Tonisha. But while her girlfriends yelled and screamed at the young dancer taking his clothes off, Tonisha was making plans to have a more private dance with him.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SUZE RANDALL

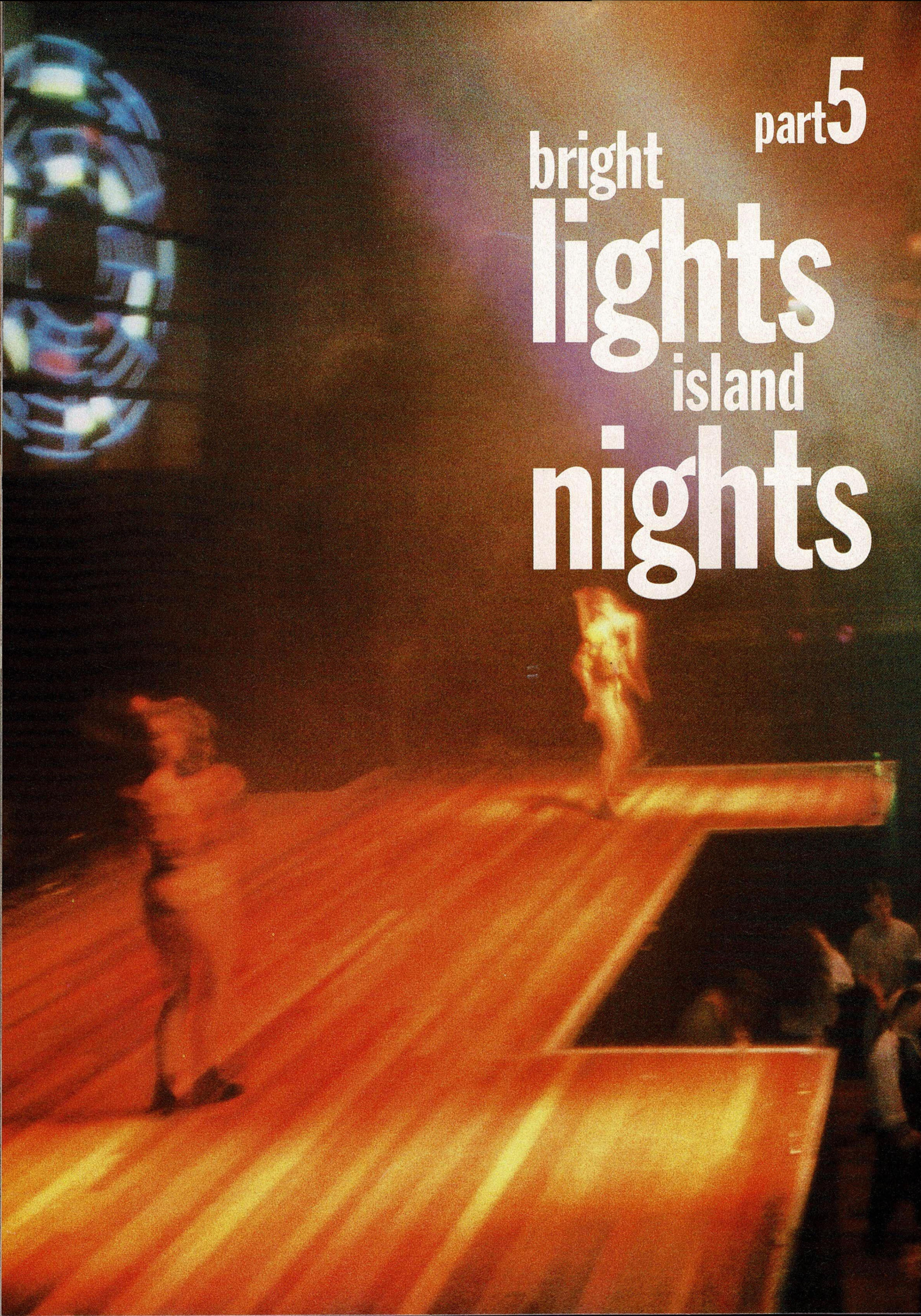




After buying him a few drinks, Tonisha invited Danny to her house where the air hostess showed the dancer a few moves of her own.







bright lights island nights

part 5

NIGHTLIFE
brisbane

BY MORGAN REED

PHOTOS BY JAMES MCEWAN

Down at the Lexington
Queen in Brisbane you
need street cred to
survive

Friday night at the Lexington Queen. Tui leans on the bar studying the crowd. His eye alights on a \$50 bill and the well-dressed girl waving it at the bar tender.

A mental note: that one's got money. Two yuppies, moussed and pony-tailed, swig on Coronas. Coronas are expensive. They, too, are cashed up. Tui doesn't have money (unless you count the \$30 he's just extracted from me). But he is very interested in money and the way it can be persuaded to change hands. Tui has the smarts and he has the muscle. Street cred, too. Everyone's his bro.

Tui's a big Pacific Islander. Head and shoulders over the street kids and break-and-enter guys hanging out in the club's black corner.



bright lights island nights

Nobody messes with Tui.

Young white girls at the club go for the black guys because they're different. Good dancers and generous with their money when they have it.

Tui can see three, maybe four girls hot for his move. Tonight his girlfriend Anouschka is in the club. A pretty girl of Dutch-Indonesian extraction, he met her during schoolies at the Gold Coast. A princess, he says. Tui melts into the shadows — he doesn't want her to see him right now. "I'm satisfied with her," he says. "But with every good meal you need something extra — some sauce to go with the dish."

From the speaker, the bass frequencies pound like Howitzers. Play That Funky Music White Boy. On the dance floor the girls are whirling and shaking to the music, letting the light catch their hair. Mostly they dance with each other. Their boyfriends stand in a huddle, swaying to the music or maybe executing a dance move — stu-



and buy them a drink with their own cash.

The club is divided into three distinct zones. The black guys have marked out their territory beside the dance floor.

Australians occupy middle ground. Ethnic — Turks, Greeks and Italians — hang out at the far end. The ethnics have flashy jewellery, spend up big. They'll fuck the Australian girls but never marry one. Next year, maybe the year after, they'll follow the family tradition — find a virgin of their

own blood, marry her and make her pregnant.

Every so often an Australian will stumble into the ethnic zone and say the danger words: "Fuckin' wogs." It's a kamikaze mission. A Turk, an Italian, a Greek or a combination of all three will slam him against the wall and pump the wind out of his guts. The idea is to do as much damage as possible before the club manager, Chris Nielsen, appears. Chris is a karate master and street fighter par excellence.

Everyone agrees: the Australians are the worst. Truculent after a few drinks, mean with their money, spoiling for a fight and no use at all when the fists fly.

Tui insists he's a pacifist. "Unless somebody touches me, I won't hit 'em," he says. "But I won't put up with shit. Why should I?"

Back in Auckland, he ran with gangs. Here, he says, there isn't a gang worth belonging to. "The guys that hang out here



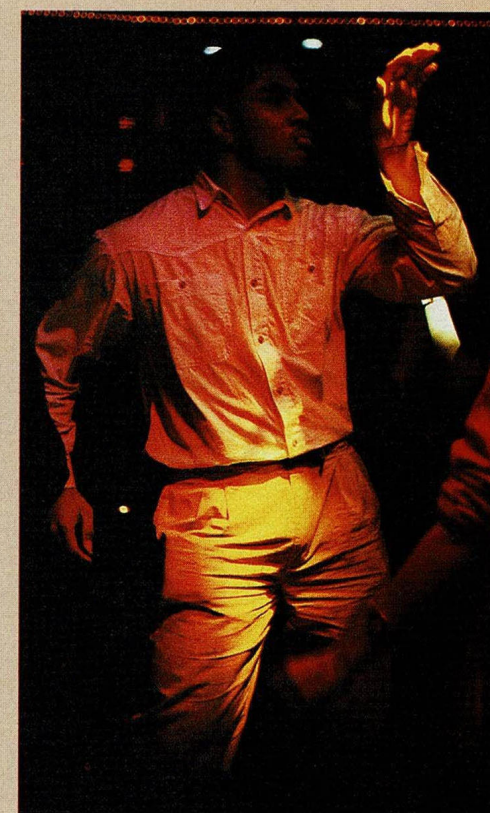
— just pussy fighting. Come the real thing, they don't know what to do, and I want to show them."

He hates fags. More than fags, he hates Aborigines. "In New Zealand I used to read about Aborigines and I thought that Aborigines were getting shit from white people. Then I found the truth — they get a lot of privileges they take the wrong way. They're violent and they're aggressive. They talk about white people being

aggressive, then they kick it all back."

A few weeks ago, Tui and a few other Samoans and Maoris took on a gang of Aborigines. They smashed each other to pulp on the grass in front of the Brisbane City Hall — watched, it is said, by two policemen in a patrol car. "Four Aborigines went to hospital with broken ribs and shit," says Tui. "A lot of hot air was coming out of those guys."

Out front of the club, Chris moves to the



music — driving his fist into an open palm. By day he runs a security service — "personal protection, surveillance, debt recovery." He doesn't smoke or drink. He works out every day. He knows everybody on the street. He has respect. At 35, he's a man among boys. A woman pleads to be let in free. He holds up four fingers. That's two bucks off. She hurries in, but others pay full freight, all calculated to a system only Chris can fathom.

"In my position, I could have a different woman every night," says Chris.

But around here the guy who sleeps with a different girl every night gets a bad reputation ... and once he loses his reputation, he never gets it back. There are no secrets here — a discreet relationship is a contradiction in terms.

On the pavement, the damned and the banned watch the girls filing in while they wait out periods of exile for wrongdoing — snatching purses or picking fights.

"It's the worst thing you can do to them," says Chris, "because all their mates are inside."

Tui swaggers out of the fog of cigarette smoke and body heat and perches on an iron railing while the street kids gather round. Hip handshakes, slapping and mock punches.

"What's happening?"

"Jackshit, man."

Tui's girlfriend doesn't come by so often any more. Same music, same faces and one night dissolves into the next. A night at the Lexington Queen can last for years. A pounding in the ear drums and a roar in the cerebrum. Trip heads spinning out to the

**"Regulars carry their handbags
when they dance. Newcomers lose
their purses..."**

diously ignoring the girls they'll fuck at the end of the night.

"The babes that come down here ... I study them," says Tui. "I can tell the wide-eyed innocents, the sluts, too."

Regulars carry their handbags when they dance. New arrivals often lose their purses. Perhaps the new owner will smile

NIGHTLIFE brisbane

bright lights island nights

bass frequencies — housies and home-boys. If you're not part of the scene, you have to wheedle your way in. Suck up to the bar staff.

On the dance floor, Tui moves to the

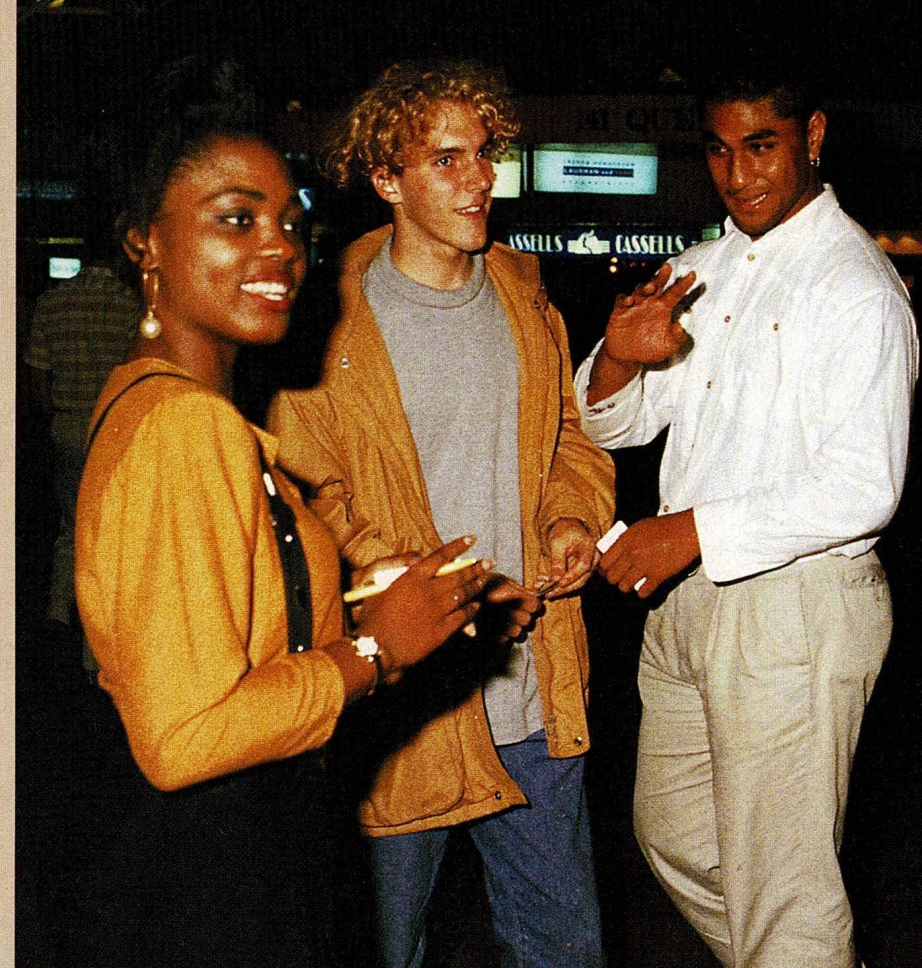
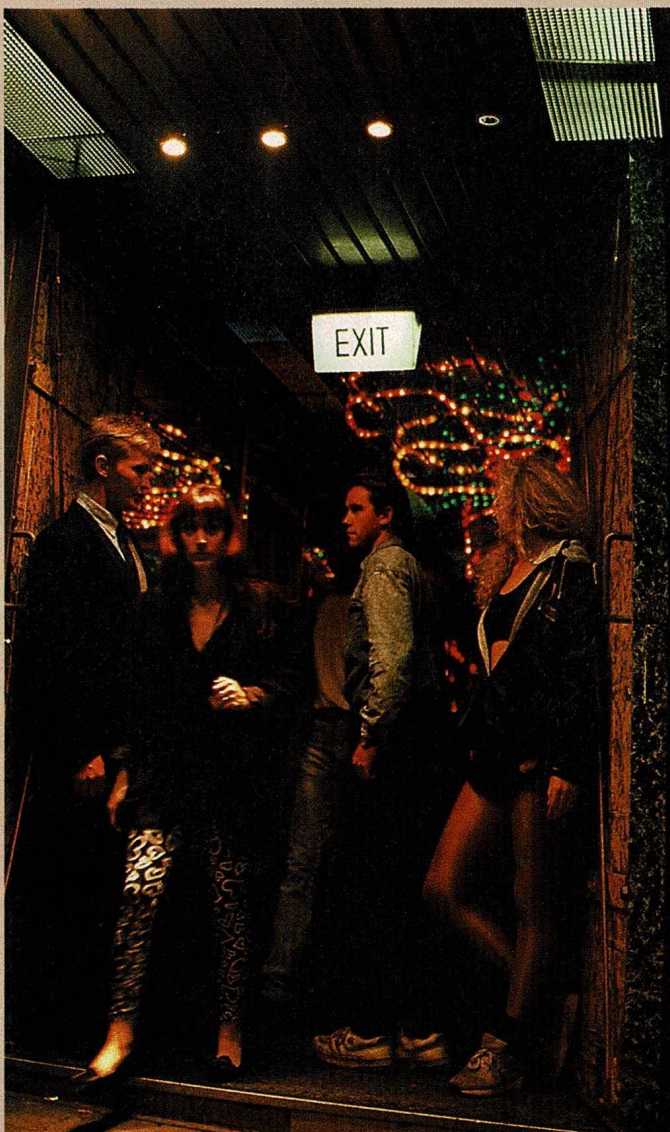
music. Anouschka moves with him. A little drunk but a nice, easy high. "Just watch your wallet," says Tui.

In the mall, half a block to the right, police with walkie-talkies stand around a paddy wagon. Across the street, members of the over-forties bikie club, the Ulysses, stand beside their machines. Leathers, Hondas, Harleys and a motto of "Grow Old Disgracefully." Not doing anything much — just a regular Friday night show of solidarity.

"Nice guys," says Tui. "One thing I like about Australia is this 'G'day' thing. Everybody does it. It makes me happy. In Auckland I wouldn't be talking to white guys like you. Here it's different."

He pauses to chat. Mainly with other islanders. Then Ben, a raggedy-looking white guy who befriended Tui when he first hit town from New Zealand. "He's an Australian but I like his attitude."

Tui is particular about who he talks to. "You can get in a whole lot of trouble talking to the wrong people," he says. Another pause while Tui wheedles a couple of dollars from a coffee-coloured girl he introduces as his cousin. Nightclubbing is expensive. You have to supplement your



dole money where you can.

At some stage in the evening, the clientele of the Lexington Queen will change places with the crowd at Transformers, a bigger club with post-nuclear decor and a heavy-duty sound system and light show. Not Tui — he's strictly a Lexington Queen man. "I've been to the other clubs and they don't fit in with me." And so he hangs at the bar watching the crowd.

Anouschka catches his eye. "She's cool — she doesn't mind if I talk to other girls. Only if I start talking randy, she says I should be talking to her."

At Transformers the dancers have formed a circle while Adrian Ashford and Turhan Mustafa show off their moves. Neither smokes nor drinks. So what else is there to do but dance? The crowd slaps thigh and leans from the mezzanines.

In this room, eight floors above the pavement, Prince played his unofficial aftershow concert. Upstairs, manager Phil Hogan shows the bed where Prince rested his teeny, pompadoured head. The decor in Transformers is reminiscent of Beyond Thunderdome. Costumed characters pour Kaluha direct from bottle to mouth. Cat Woman, The Doctor, The Nerd. When the dancers finish, the spotlight fades and impressed girls cosy up. All the reward the dancers need.

"Fred Astaire or Michael Jackson — we watch and learn," says Turhan, sipping an iced water. "We don't spend any money here, but we attract the people."

Iced water is also a popular beverage at

Wall Street — a penthouse club which scoops up the lost and lonely until 5am. Tui may occasionally be found studying the clientele here although, he says, there are too many fags for his liking. Fags and housies. Technos and homeboys. Dirty old men and lonely geezers with more money than sense. See the gent in the green shirt slap down a \$100 bill. A bourbon and ice and keep the change, love.

A street kid with eyes like saucers

"In Auckland I wouldn't be talking to white guys like you. Here, it's different..."

cadges a glass of iced water. He's a regular, first in at opening time and among the last to leave, looking for a warm, dry place where the police won't move him on. Tui slaps skin and talks serious street talk. Mark, the disc-jockey, dances crazily in his sound booth. "Stick your fingers in your ears and all you'll see is a room of lost souls," the DJ says. "They come to forget the world. They don't give a fuck. It's like a water-hole in the jungle — and all the animals come to drink."

Mark knows his regulars by their requests. Speedy, the hippie, will ask for Supertramp's "Logical Song": the metal

head in the corner will spend four or five hours drinking just to dance to an Iron Maiden track. It's all the same to Mark: "You're cool — you're in," he tells anyone and everyone. He's right. Up here everyone is in — and nobody gives a fuck. Gays included.

Tui curls his lip and studies the crowd with deep suspicion: "Got to be careful which chicks you talk to at Wall Street — when your fingers go down the pants and you feel a different sort of bulge. I hate fags."

The music pumps. Red lights and alcohol addle the senses and yes, it's true, the girls do look prettier at closing time. By dawn, some guys will have dropped \$500 at the bar with nothing to show but a headache.

Come morning, the stayers and players blink into the early morning light. No traffic yet, just streets swept clean of all but human flotsam. In a doorway, a young girl with ruined makeup sits propped like a rag doll, as if she paused momentarily and passed out. Tui has no time for people who can't handle their stimulants. He has a Pentecostal upbringing that no amount of nightclubbing can wipe out. Unbelievably, he goes to church every Sunday.

"I could say I'm a Christian, but I'm not. I believe in it but I'm not one because of my actions, because of my night life. The Bible says that a Christian born again in the name of Christ should not mix with the worldly people." Tui looks up at the ceiling, pondering the enormity of his straying. Meanwhile, his brother Laso attempts to explain why Tui, who is two years his junior, actually looks much older: "He looks that way

because he started drinking before I did," says Laso.

"No it's not — it's because he's puny and I'm not — and I go to the gym and he stays home and wanks," says Tui.

"What he doesn't know is that, while he's at the gym, I wet his bed," says Laso.

We leave the brothers to banter, to sleep, get up, shower. Watch telly. Go to the club. One night into the next and the next and the next.

"If I had real money," says Tui, "I would buy a club."

Someone should warn him that dreams sometimes come true. 

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"The only thing I would change about myself is my temper," says the vivacious Leo, Carrie Gold. "All it takes is the smallest irritation by a man, and I tell him where to get off."

ALL FIRED UP





The 22-year-old model is proud of her 38-25-36 curves, but says her sudden temper has cost her a lot of men in the past. "I was once engaged to a multi-millionaire but I lost my temper one day and walked out. Mind you, I never much liked him anyway."





BY LINDA MACK AND MADELEINE DOHERTY

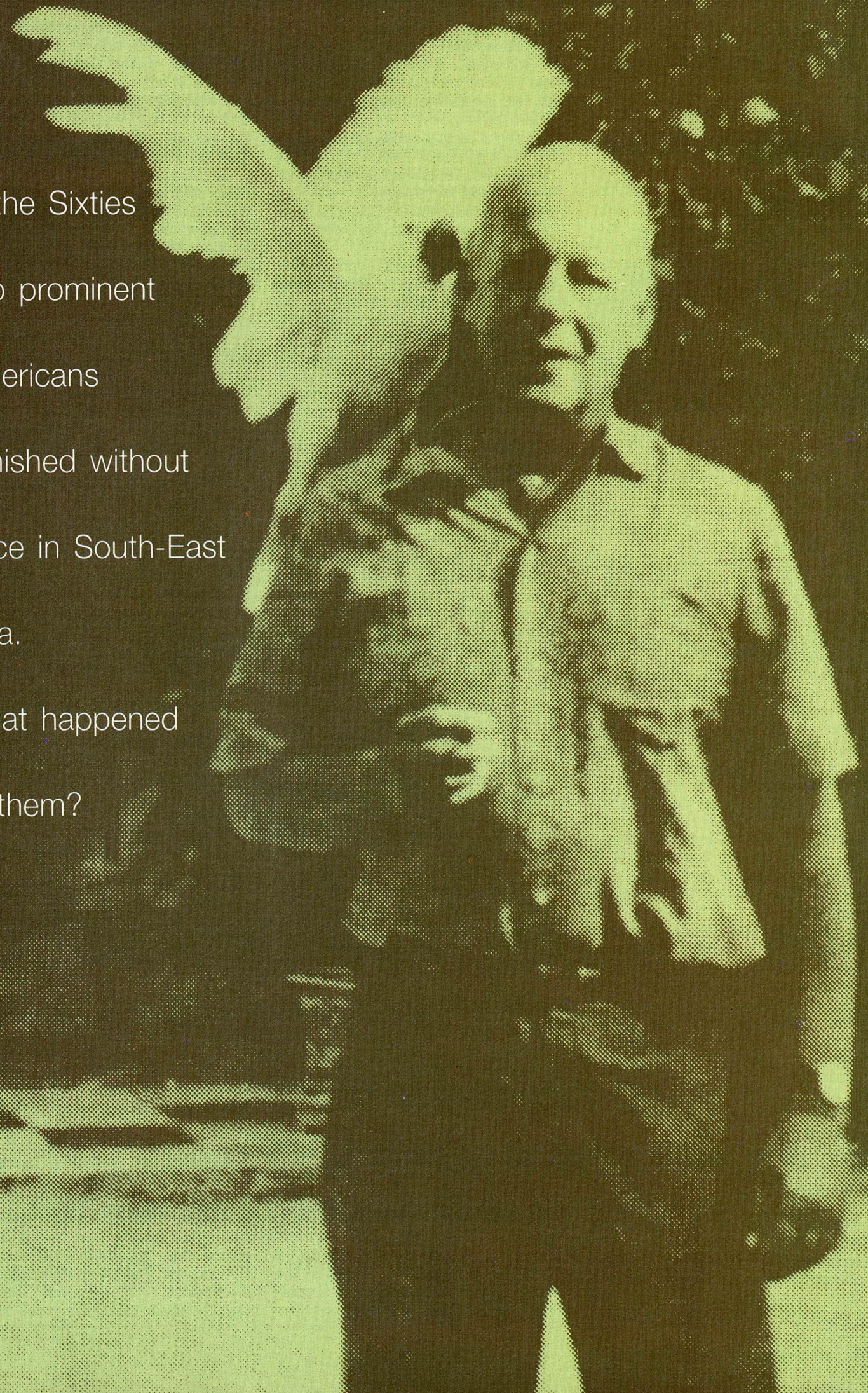
MISSING persons

South-East Asian countries retain a wild quality that their recent industrialisation does little to change. Behind the factories and markets of Pacific Rim cities lurk jungles and wilderness that have not changed for thousands of years.

These dense and forbidding forests have claimed many lives and harbour even more secrets. Two of the great mysteries from this part of the world involve famous Americans. Within the space of six years, scion of one of the great American families, Michael Rockefeller, and Thai silk baron Jim Thompson, "disappeared" in South-East Asian jungles. Rockefeller vanished at a river mouth in Irian Jaya in 1961, while Thompson went missing in the rugged Cameron Highlands of Malaysia in 1967. Neither man's body was ever found. Did they die, or are they still alive?

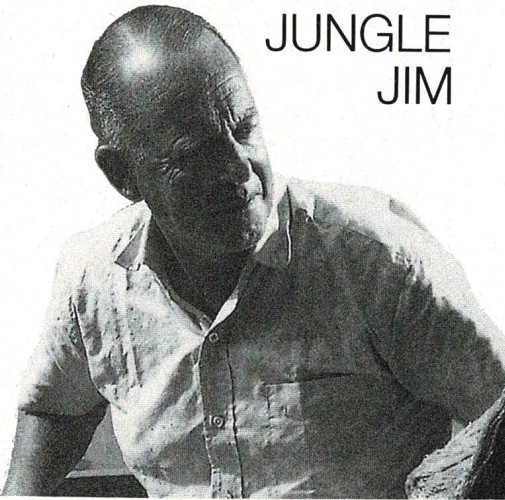
In the Sixties
two prominent
Americans
vanished without
trace in South-East
Asia.

What happened
to them?



MISSING

JUNGLE JIM



Hidden behind a curtain of rain trees near Bangkok's biggest brothel stands a magnificent and mysterious old teak house. Inside, a table stands waiting, laid for a dinner of six. But it's been 25 years since the owner of the house last sat down to dinner there.

The fate of Jim Thompson remains one of the world's great mysteries. A legendary US intelligence agent and millionaire silk tycoon, Thompson went on a weekend holiday to Malaysia and disappeared without trace.

Was Thompson murdered or kidnapped by communists because of his CIA links? Did he stage his own disappearance and defect? Did the mystery involve a former Thai resistance hero implicated in the equally mysterious murder of a young Thai king?

Less likely, in view of his behind-enemy-lines jungle training, did Thompson meet an accidental death in the densely-forested highlands? Or had his weekend trip in fact been a cover for a secret mission concerning the Vietnam war?

That such questions remain unanswered is not for want of trying. In the weeks following Thompson's disappearance, authorities launched the largest search ever mounted in Asia. Psychics were called in. Rich and famous friends, some of them Hollywood stars, offered cash rewards. But not a single clue was unearthed.

Although officially pronounced dead in 1974, some friends cling to the hope that one day Jim Thompson will miraculously reappear to sit down to dinner in his faithfully preserved house in Bangkok.

The story of Thompson's life is as extraordinary as that of his disappearance. Born into high society in the American state of Delaware, Thompson attended Princeton University and practised as an architect in New York. Handsome, dashing and unattached,

he was much in demand at pre-war debutante balls.

But once war broke out, the care-free socialite underwent a metamorphosis. He joined the Delaware National Guard as a private, was soon commanding a coastal artillery unit after officer training, and in 1942 had a chance meeting with Captain Edwin Black. Black was an officer in the newly-formed Office of Strategic Services — the forerunner of the CIA. He persuaded Thompson to become a spy.

Thompson was soon working with an OSS group alongside French forces in North Africa. After the invasion of Europe, he operated under cover in Italy and France. With victory in Europe assured, Thompson underwent jungle warfare training and was told he would be parachuted behind enemy lines to help the resistance against the occupying Japanese in Thailand.

Before they could carry out the mission, Japan surrendered and the OSS contingent flew into Bangkok where Thompson became the OSS Station Chief.

In 1946 Thompson returned to the US, where he discovered that his wife wanted a divorce. So by 1947 Thompson was back in Bangkok, having quit the OSS. He became a de facto intelligence adviser to the US Embassy. His area of expertise was Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos and he soon made close contacts with Bangkok-based Indochinese independence groups attempting to drive out the colonial French.

Bangkok, always a city of intrigue, was at that time seething with spies. French intelligence was watching the revolutionary exiles based in the Thai capital and Thompson was keeping tabs on both sides.

While gleaning intelligence on Laos, Thompson made numerous trips to the north-east Thai provinces that face Laos across the Mekong River. This part of Thailand was poverty stricken, but supplied a small quantity of raw silk to a community of weavers in Bangkok.

Though 41 years old and with no knowledge of the textile trade, Thompson saw potential in the Thai silk. After showing the silk in America to an enthusiastic editor of *Vogue* magazine, Thompson returned to Bangkok, where he set up the Jim Thompson Thai Silk Company and proceeded to revive what had appeared to be the doomed craft of silk-weaving on bamboo looms.

He became famous. When the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *The King and I* opened on Broadway, the stars, Yul Brynner and Gertrude Lawrence, were dressed in Thompson's Thai silk. So were the actors in the movie *Ben Hur*. Articles began appearing around the world about Jim

Thompson, the silk king of Bangkok.

Business was booming but no-one was sure of the extent to which Thompson still owed allegiance to the CIA. Many Bangkok observers consider it highly unlikely that, at the height of the Vietnam war, the Americans would have failed to tap his political expertise.

On March 21, 1967, Thompson invited a few friends to his house to celebrate his 61st birthday. He left Bangkok two days later for an Easter weekend in Malaysia with his friend, Connie Mangskau, a celebrated Eurasian beauty living in Bangkok.

Thompson and Mangskau were to be the guests of a Singaporean couple, Dr and Mrs T.G. Ling, who owned a holiday home called "Moonlight Cottage" at the end of a narrow, jungle-fringed road in the rugged Cameron Highlands.

Thompson, Mangskau and the Lings spent Easter Sunday having a picnic lunch, which ended at 2.30pm. The four friends decided they would return to Moonlight Cottage for a nap. Mangskau went to her room, the Lings to theirs. They left Thompson standing in the lounge room, apparently also preparing to go for a rest.

But Thompson's bed was never lain on. It seems he went into the garden, as the Lings heard the sound of a deck chair being set up on the verandah. Shortly after 3pm, they heard footsteps going down the gravel path towards the road.

According to Mrs Ling, they were "European footsteps." Thompson had visited the highlands twice before and enjoyed walking along trails in the surrounding jungle. Assuming he was going for a stroll, the Singaporean couple did not bother to look out of their window. No voices were heard.

Jim Thompson was never seen or heard of again.

About 4pm Connie Mangskau emerged from her room to find Thompson's jacket hanging over the back of a chair on the verandah. Surprisingly for a heavy smoker, he had left his cigarettes and lighter behind. He had also left the pills he was frequently forced to take to relieve pain from gallstones.

Knowing Thompson's fondness for walking, his friends were not worried at first. But when darkness fell at 6.30pm they became concerned and called the police, who sent word to nearby villages to watch out for Thompson. The following day, 15 hours after Thompson was last seen, 100 people took part in a full-scale search.

At first it was assumed Thompson had simply become lost on one of the myriad trails, or had fallen into a ravine. But was not Thompson an experienced hiker trained in jungle survival? The next day, Thompson's old OSS mates organ-

ised US helicopters to join the search. By then the number of searchers had risen to more than 400, including a team of Malaysian aboriginal trackers who, like Australia's black trackers, are intimately familiar with the local terrain. But there was no sign anywhere of Thompson having even entered the jungle.

After the first few days, many experts became convinced Thompson had not met with an accident or a clue would by then have been unearthed.

Perhaps Thompson had not entered the jungle but had kept a secret rendezvous and left, voluntarily or otherwise, with the people he had met. The Lings had not heard voices on the afternoon Thompson disappeared, but had he been signalled from the road?

One local reported seeing a mysterious convoy of five cars with Thai number plates climbing the winding road to the highlands, then returning soon after Thompson was last seen. Had he been in one of those cars?

Crucially, why had a chain smoker left behind his cigarettes and pain-relieving pills if he had gone away voluntarily, even for a comparatively short walk?

As the days passed, more attention was turned to Thompson's former life as a spy. The Vietnam war was raging. Thompson had been linked to

Indochinese subterfuge in Bangkok. The *London Observer* newspaper reported two theories: one, that Thompson was still a CIA agent using his silk empire as a cover for his intelligence work; the other, that his presence in Bangkok had become an embarrassment to the CIA because he had become too friendly with Indochinese communist agents.

There was also a connection to some Thai skulduggery. Thompson had been a close friend of the legendary Thai freedom fighter codenamed "Ruth", who was later revealed to be a Thai politician named Pridi Panyomyong. He had briefly become Prime Minister after the war, before being overthrown by the military. A counter-coup failed and Pridi fled into exile, apparently into communist China.

Pridi's opponents had tried to link him to the mystery of the 1947 killing of the young Thai king, Ananda, still unresolved 45 years later. Ananda was found dead in his bedroom suite in the Grand Palace, a pistol beside the body, but no clues as to the culprit.

Pridi was also accused of masterminding the communist insurgents then operating in the jungles of Thailand. Had Thompson's friendship with Pridi caused him to be assassinated?

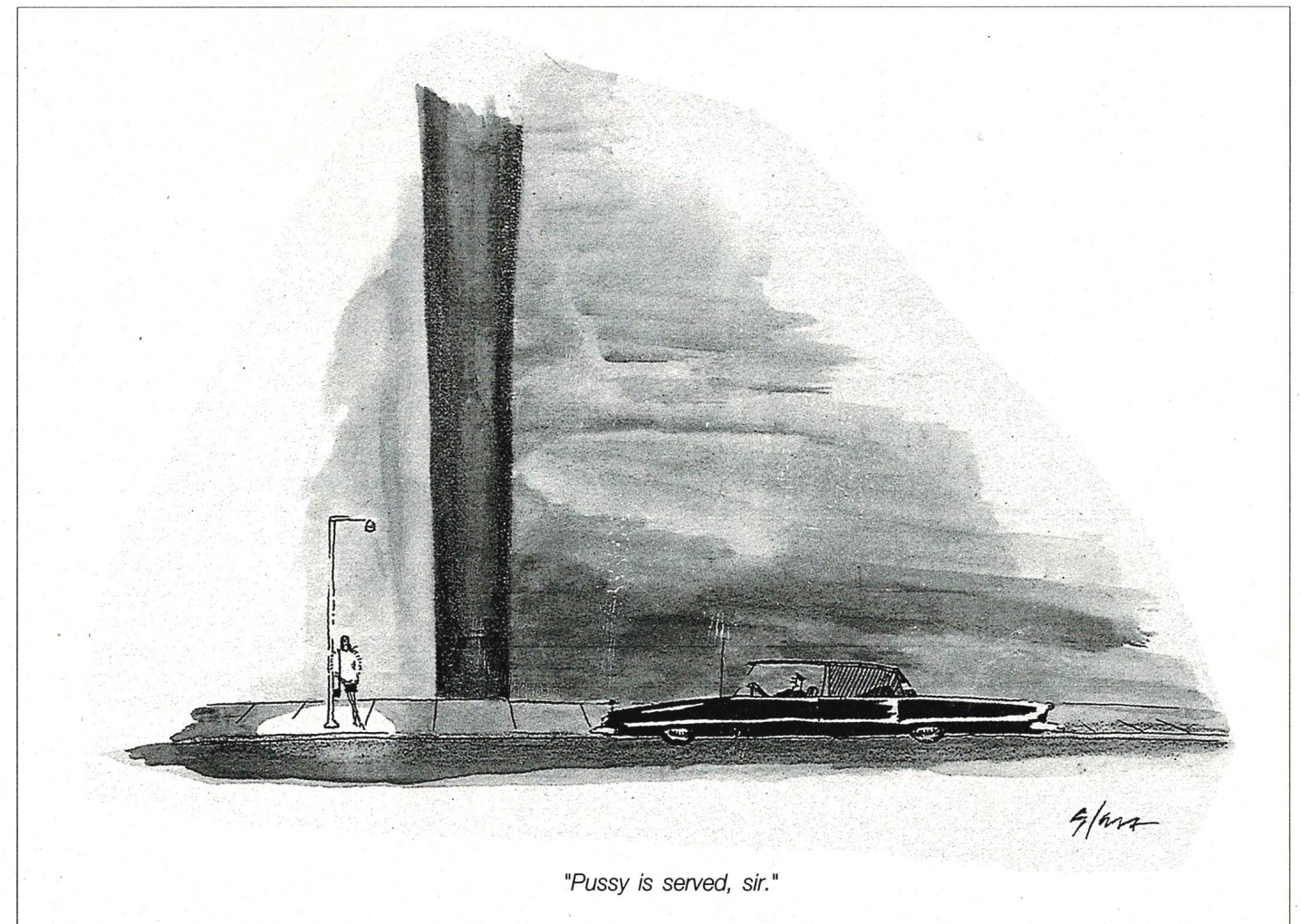
But could not Thompson have been simply become lost in the jungle? Malaysian jungle experts said "no." One

expert, Richard Noone, was called in to join the search. He conducted lengthy interviews with aborigines in their own language, which he spoke fluently. Having apparently won their trust, Noone declared: "I am fully convinced that Mr Thompson is not lost in the jungle."

Then, less than six months after Thompson's disappearance, there was another extraordinary development. His sister, Mrs Katherine Thompson Wood, was murdered at her lonely home in Delaware. One of many mysteries of the case is why her two highly-trained watchdogs failed to protect her from being beaten to death with a blunt instrument.

Could two such incidents in one family have been coincidence? Was the killer perhaps looking for a document Thompson had left with his sister? Police said they were investigating the possibility of an international plot. But as with Thompson's disappearance, the murder remains unsolved.

Increasingly, there were suggestions that Thompson may have been taken — voluntarily or otherwise — behind the Bamboo Curtain into communist Indochina. Many fingers were pointed towards Cambodia, which under Prince Norodom Sihanouk was trying to remain neutral but had no diplomatic relations with the US. At one point the eccentric Sihanouk himself became involved in



"Pussy is served, sir."

MISSING

the search after receiving requests for help from Thompson's friends. He wrote back to say his efforts had drawn a blank.

One who jumped on to the Cambodia bandwagon was Australian Robert McGowan, a former army major who by then had a nightclub mindreading act. After visiting various locations including the Cameron Highlands and the Laotian capital of Vientiane, McGowan pronounced Thompson alive in Cambodia.

So, too, did another self-styled psychic, Peter Hurkos, who had previously been called in by police in America to try and solve the Boston Strangler case. Such was the desperation of the searchers that they were prepared to take such people seriously.

The Cambodian connection even prompted a woman friend of Thompson's to spend a fortune hiring former SAS mercenaries to cross into Cambodia to search the town of Stung Treng. Again, nothing.

For years the Jim Thompson Thai Silk Company refused to accept Thompson was dead and continued to pay his salary into his bank account. However, the job of managing director was passed on to another American,

Charles Sheffield. Ironically, the company has become even more successful since the silk king's death. Located so close to the fleshpots of Patpong Road, the shop has a huge tourist clientele.

Thompson's house, now open to the public, has also become a significant tourist attraction. But as the years pass, the name "Jim Thompson" becomes increasingly meaningless to visitors.

Those involved in the case are dying off. Connie Mangskau, who became Bangkok's leading antique dealer, recently went to her grave insisting Thompson had met with a terrible accident.

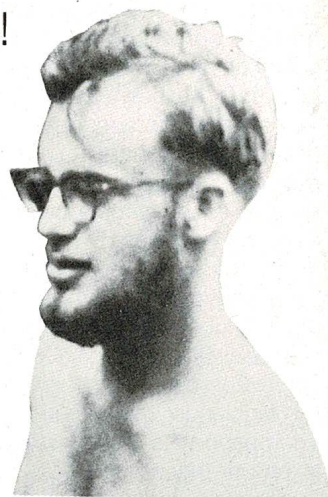
In a rare interview shortly before her death she told me of her theory that that Thompson had fallen into a tiger trap set by aborigines; that when the hunters returned to find a white man impaled on spikes at the bottom of the pit they hurriedly filled it in to conceal the evidence.

But could the aborigines have kept such a secret for so long? Anthropologist Noone, who won their trust, went to his grave convinced that they could not; that Thompson had never been in the jungle, dead or alive.

Today Thompson would be 86. But such is the strength of his legend that there are those in Bangkok who still believe he will one day turn up alive. The more realistic, however, would be

satisfied if the jungle — or the intelligence agencies — finally revealed the secret of the mysterious disappearance of the silk king of Bangkok. — *Linda Mack*

ROCKEFELLER LIVES!



Michael Rockefeller, a Harvard-trained anthropologist, was collecting artefacts in southern Irian Jaya (formerly Dutch New Guinea) when his catamaran capsized at the Einlanden River mouth. It was November 21, 1961.

The 23-year-old American tied two empty jerry cans to his body and made for shore. His companion, Rene Wassing, last saw him swimming into the strong river current. Wassing stayed with the boat and was rescued. Rockefeller was not seen again. His body was never found.

What was found was one of the jerry cans Rockefeller used, washed up on a nearby beach.

Convinced he was still alive, the Dutch Navy and a small army of volunteers mounted a month-long search for the son of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller and scion of an American dynasty as powerful as the Kennedy clan. The search revealed nothing except a lot of opinions on his fate.

In the years following Rockefeller's disappearance, many theories ranging from cannibalism to drowning were put forward, but none were substantiated. But another theory says Rockefeller survived and to this day could be living with tribes in the Irian Jaya hills.

The latter theory was discarded as fantasy by the "experts" who came out of the woodwork during the search. But startling revelations by Bruce Hibbard, an Australian crocodile hunter who once culled in the river deltas of southern Irian Jaya, have given new credence to the theory that Michael Rockefeller survived the boat wreck and lived with the natives.

Hibbard, now in his fifties, has pos-

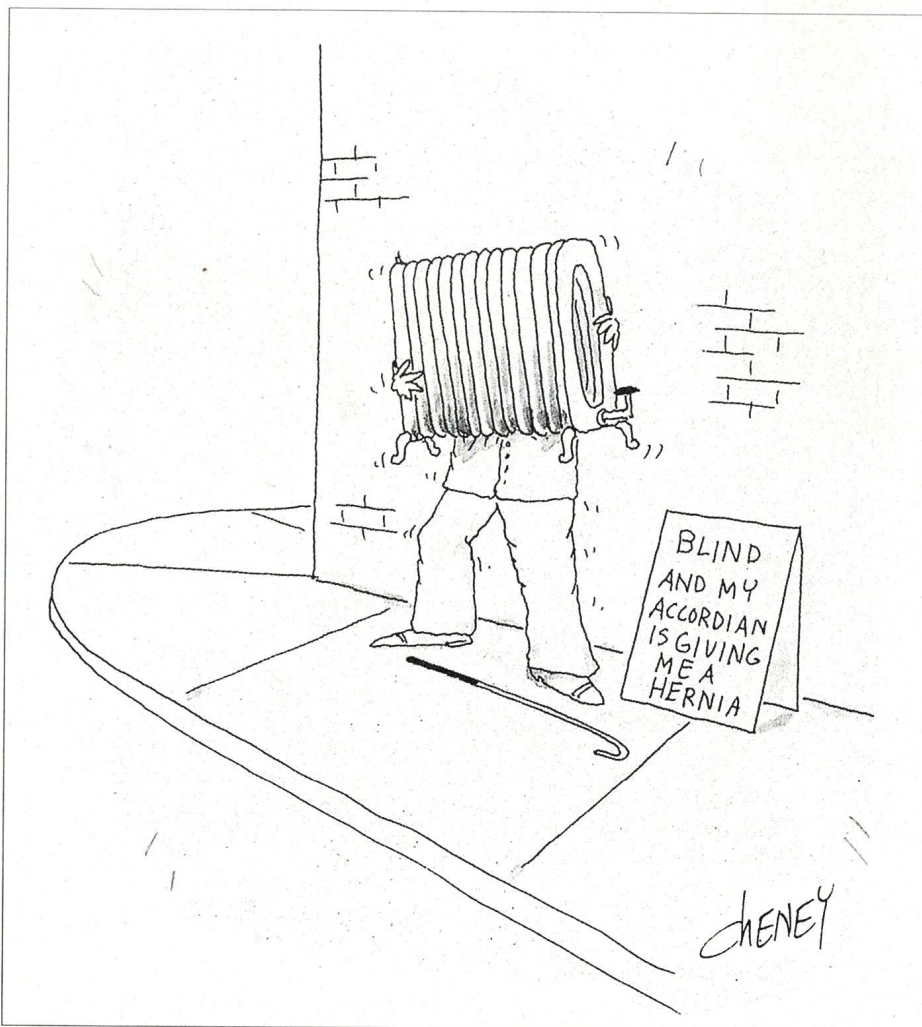
Continued on page 118

TROPICAL BRONZE



Mysterious Malaysian beauty Kiara Vandt has featured in magazines before, but always as a writer. The 28-year-old native of Kuala Lumpur followed in the footsteps of her French journalist father, and has worked on magazines around the world.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER







Kiara turned to modelling three years ago and has never looked back. "Doing these pictures was a perfect way of appearing in a magazine I'd never written for," she says.







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SUSAN AND DANIELLE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

The ladies loved to bathe together. After a long, gruelling day of fashion modelling, Susan and Danielle liked nothing better than to slip into a tub full of hot jasmine-scented water. Vapours of steam filled the room as the two beauties slid beneath the surface. They hissed with satisfaction.



Two sensuous bodies in a tub built for one created unavoidable contact. They rubbed each other slickly, and small waves splashed over the side. Soap-suds clung to curves and bubbles floated across the room.





Squeaky-clean, Susan and Danielle fell in a frenzy on to the soft sheets. But much later, when feverish gasps and soft cries were only echoes, they realised that they were so sticky with love, it was time to take another bath.



PORN TICKET

continued from page 54

"Me and every other indigent person in town," I told him.

"When did you last see him?"

"Shit, I dunno," I said. "It was at the races. The last time I won, so it must have been a fair while back."

"What if I say you were seen there this morning?"

"What if you do?" I said.

He took off his coat and clicked his fingers. Det Sgt Browne-Nose held it for him while he punched me hard in the face. I ricocheted off the wall.

"Again?" he said and hit me in the same place again. I ricocheted off the same place on the wall. He put his coat on again.

"Feel better now?"

"A little," I said.

He discovered, however, that making dents was easier than making headway. He took his leave eventually, but gave me clearly to understand that it was only to get his breath back. He could huff and puff all he liked as long as there wasn't much chance of him being able to load me up with Ace's death.

Rebecah came out of the bedroom and fell into my arms again. "It's all right, it's all right," I said.

"I'm scared," she said. "Give those men what they were after, Richard. They said they'd come back and cut

these off," she said, fondling my genitals.

"Get your stuff," I told her, "and I'll take them and you somewhere safe."

Two blocks away from the Liberty Theatre, Nick Angelos's cousin Costas ran a discreet hotel where you could rent rooms by the hour, day, week or year if you wanted to.

Provided your rent was up to date, no-one else would enter your room for any purpose whatever (least of all to clean it). I took a room for a week. I instructed Rebecah to bolt the door behind me and not to open it to anyone but me.

Then I went out to do some shopping. Top of my list was updating my armoury. There were some loutish types abroad.

The Shamrock Hotel was only around the corner. I dropped into the front bar and purchased a beer over the counter and a Magnum and some cartridges under the counter. (I could have gotten some Stinger missiles and a launcher if I'd had the change and pockets big enough to put them in.)

Over a leisurely beer I tried to puzzle out exactly what was going on. There wasn't any doubt the film I had in my possession was valuable — but just how valuable? It was too raunchy for much use, say on network TV or compilation documentaries. And yet not really raunchy enough to scorch the present-day porn markets. It would have to have been worth a tidy sum, but that was a very untidy mess they'd made of

my place (and Ace Liebler, by all accounts).

Then I had an inspiration. A piece of horizontal thinking, you might call it.

I quick-stepped back down to the Liberty Theatre with the film can under my arm. I slapped some money into Nick's hand and said: "Same deal as before."

"More Disney shit?" he asked. "You ought to stop buying lucky-dips."

"Some people never learn, mate."

As soon as the movie came on the screen this time I knew I was right.

It wasn't what the heavy-handed henchmen wanted to show the world but what they didn't want shown to the world that made the flick so valuable.

I hadn't taken much notice of the male lead first time around. Who does? That's why lesbian porn is so popular — what guy wants to look at some donkey-dicked faggot jacking off all over his female fantasies?

But there he was when you looked: the most successful son of a most successful American family: he always did like living dangerously, although this must have been before ... well before a lot of things.

Let's just say the family name started with K and ended with Y and wasn't Kilroy (although this guy had had his end in almost as many places).

I'd already deduced that I wasn't up against the sort of people who played for matches; this upped the ante even further. I would have to regroup and rethink my strategy. I went back to the hotel room. I put the film can down on the corridor carpet while I fumbled the key into the lock.

"Get your stuff babe," I said pushing the door open "We're..."

Rebecah didn't look like she was going anywhere. She was sitting on the bed. There were three men sitting on the bed beside her. They all had guns. All the guns were pointed at me.

"Come in," an American voice said.

I went in and closed the door. Two of the thugs searched me meticulously and robbed me of my Magnum and cartridges. Rebecah had been right: they were big bastards.

"I told you not to open the door to anyone but me!" I said heatedly to her.

"The last time these gentlemen came to call on you," she replied, "they made me a very handsome offer to switch sides. After having a long talk with me regarding my own long-term best interests. Their logic was irresistible."

"Filled in a few gaps left by the missionaries, did they?" I said. "You learn fast."

"I'm in your country to learn," she smiled.

"There's a touch of irony here somewhere," I said, scratching my head. "I think I was kind of starting to like you

for real. I guess I've been hoist with my own..."

"All right, all right," the spokesman for the thugs butted in. "Where's the — where's our item?"

I had to laugh. "Somewhere you lot wouldn't guess in a million man-hours."

"We can get unpleasant when we have to," he said.

"Guys, guys please. There was no need for any of this knock-'em-down stuff from the beginning. I'm a businessman. Make me a reasonable offer and the property is yours."

The boss guy lit a cigarette and blew smoke around the room meditatively. I had the feeling he was weighing up my torture/heart attack ratio against old Ace Liebler's.

"What do you call reasonable?" he asked.

"Under the circumstances," I said, looking along the battery of guns, "I don't suppose I can go much higher than 20 grand."

"Have you viewed the material yourself yet?" he asked casually. I could feel his eyes boring through the dark glasses to scrutinise my reaction.

"I'm strictly VHS," I said. "Where the hell would I get a 16mm projector at short notice?"

"It's 35mm," the guy said.

"He's not nousey, just greedy,"

Rebecah piped up on my behalf. "Fifteen," the guy said. "Fifteen and your life."

"Bringing it up to a total of \$15,000 and ten cents," one of the others said.

"What the fuck," I said munificently. "All right."

The accountant of the trio opened an attache case and peeled out \$15,000. That hardly ruffled the stash in the case.

"So where is it?" the boss guy asked after I'd been handed the money and the bureaucratic bastard had actually made me sign a receipt for it.

"You'll trip over it on your way out of the door," I told him.

For one raw second I thought he was actually going to shoot me out of spite. But he didn't. He waved one of his companions out of the door with the nose of the gun and the companion confirmed my story.

"Remember," the boss guy said fanning the receipt under my nose as they were leaving, "you're an accessory after the fact to murder and several other major misdemeanours. So total amnesia, right?" As a reminder he swung his pistol at my face.

"No, not on the fucking..." I started to say, pulling my head back. But it caught me on the cheekbone where a Beckett had punched me. The cheek was split open this time.

The door closed behind the three thugs. And that was that. Goodbye Norma Jean again. Another World Heritage item up in smoke.

"I don't know what you're looking so hang-dog about," Rebecah said. The poxy little room seemed strangely large and empty now, and her voice seemed to be coming from a long way off. Also, two suddenly seemed like a crowd.

I wet my handkerchief under the rusty tap and dabbed it on my cheek.

"You're richer, I'm richer," she said taking over the treatment on my cheek, "for disposing of something that, whatever it was, didn't belong to either of us and, for all I know, might really have belonged to them. And," she said sliding her hand down on to my genitals, "thanks to me you've still got these."

I mulled over her viewpoint.

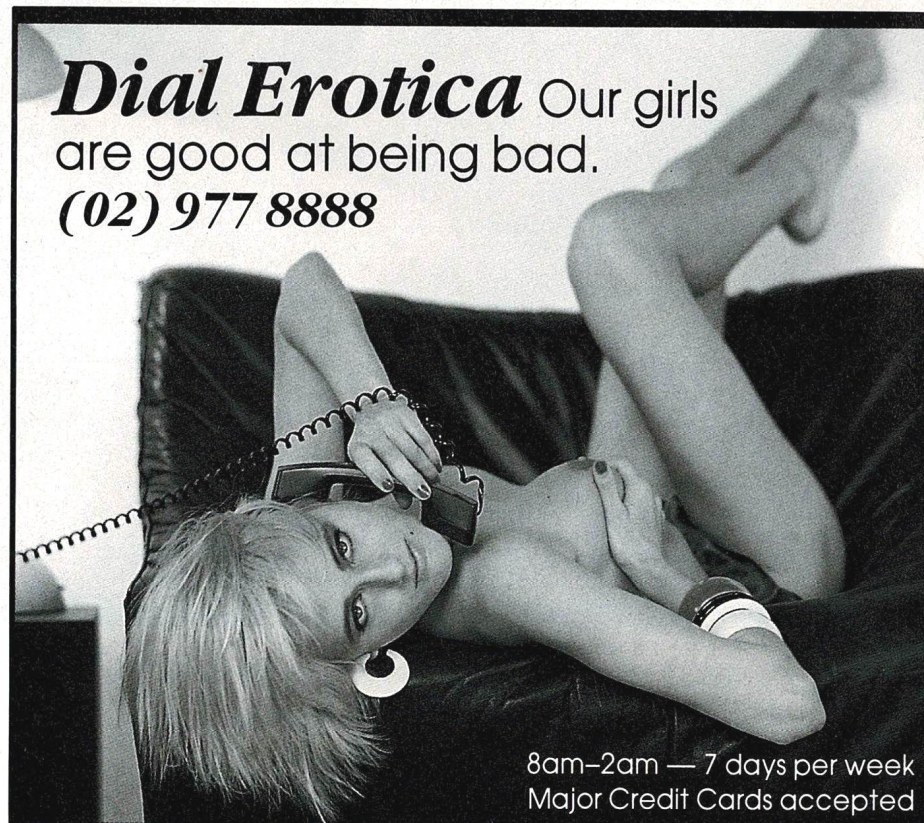
"Don't smile," she said. "You might crack the other side of your face."

I smiled. In fact, I laughed. "I think I know why I was starting to like you, now," I said. "You're a thoroughly un-nice, calculating girl after my own heart."

"Well if we're kindred spirits," she said, kicking her shoes off and flopping back on the bed, "and the room is still paid up for another week, we might as well be kindred bodies while we're about it, mightn't we?"

The logic was irresistible. 

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HIGH

Continued from page 38

American magazine *Mondo 2000* recently claimed that a study of L-Dopa taken with Bromocriptine at an old persons' home had to be cancelled because the patients started having sex with each other.

But while Smart argues that these drugs enhance existing potential rather than creating greater intelligence, the Australian Government's attitude is that the smart druggies are wasting their time.

Federal Minister for Health Services, Peter Staples, says so-called smart drugs were developed to treat specific brain dysfunctions and not to enhance general mental performance.

"There is no scientific evidence to support the view that any of these drugs improve cognitive or sexual performance," Staples wrote in a statement to *Australian Penthouse*. "These drugs have specific actions on the brain. The proposition that they will therefore correct other types of brain abnormalities ... is a gross extrapolation."

He admits that smart drugs are legal with a prescription and are non-addictive, but he says recreational use of

them can cause serious adverse effects.

Professor Henry Brodaty, head of Psychogeriatrics at Sydney's Prince Henry Hospital, goes a step further than Staples: "The use of these smart drugs is dangerous. The evidence that they help normal people is lacking. My conclusion: smart drugs are dumb."

In an article for the Alzheimer's Association, Brodaty described the casual use of Dilantin and L-Dopa as "extremely hazardous."

Staples and Brodaty are not alone in their scepticism of smart drugs.

"There are no drugs available to improve human intelligence," says Dr James McGaugh, a senior researcher at the University of California. "While some drugs have created a positive result in laboratory tests and rats, as yet, no-one has devised how to make the drug effective in humans."

Dr McGaugh says the drugs may not be safe for recreational use. Dilantin can cause foetal damage and Vasopressin can lead to angina.

Doctor Brian Draper, a psychogeriatrician at Sydney's Prince Henry Hospital, is well acquainted with smart drugs in the treatment of his patients. He, too, is sceptical: "They treat specific medical conditions but there's no evidence to suggest they make healthy people smarter or that they improve memory."

There is no known drug for increasing life expectancy.

"The one most likely to improve memory would be Vasopressin, because that's the part of the brain it works on. But the only likely effect in normal people would be an increased feeling of self-confidence."

Dr Draper describes as a "grey area" the medical ethics of doctors prescribing drugs for people who want to be smarter and have better memories.

"There's nothing wrong with a doctor 'improving' a person. An example of this is breast enhancement surgery — but we know that works. I personally wouldn't prescribe these drugs to a patient who wanted a better memory because I don't believe they work."

But for all the doubting Thomases, the New Edge has enough believers to suggest the movement will get much bigger before it fades. Smart drugs have their advocates. Ten years ago, the husband-and-wife biochemist team of Sandy Shaw and Durk Pearson wrote the seminal *Life Extension, A Practical Scientific Approach*. This huge book listed drugs, vitamins and nutrients that can lead to longer life, better brains and fail-safe erections. Pearson and Shaw now produce a regular smart-drug newsletter and market Think Drinks globally.

Inspired by the work of Pearson and Shaw is another Californian, John Morganthaler. The computer science graduate claims a mixture of Choline and Hydergine made it possible to complete his degree in just one year. He teamed up with Florida doctor, Dr Ward Dean, to write *Smart Drugs and Nutrients* — another smart-drug handbook.

Morganthaler now takes regular quantities of Dilantin, Piracetam and Deprenyl, and has told GQ magazine that there is a danger in not taking smart drugs.

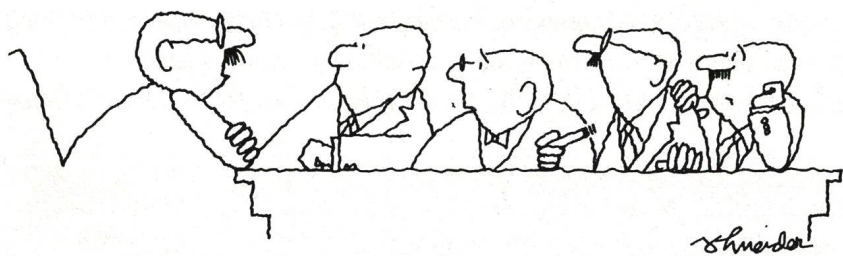
"If you don't take smart drugs and life-extension drugs, you're risking definite age-related mental decline at about 60 and you're risking death before 100. If you take them you might be able to put those things off for 20 or 30 years."

Co-author Dean says he developed a photographic memory by taking Hydergine, and has now added Deprenyl and Choline to his daily dose.

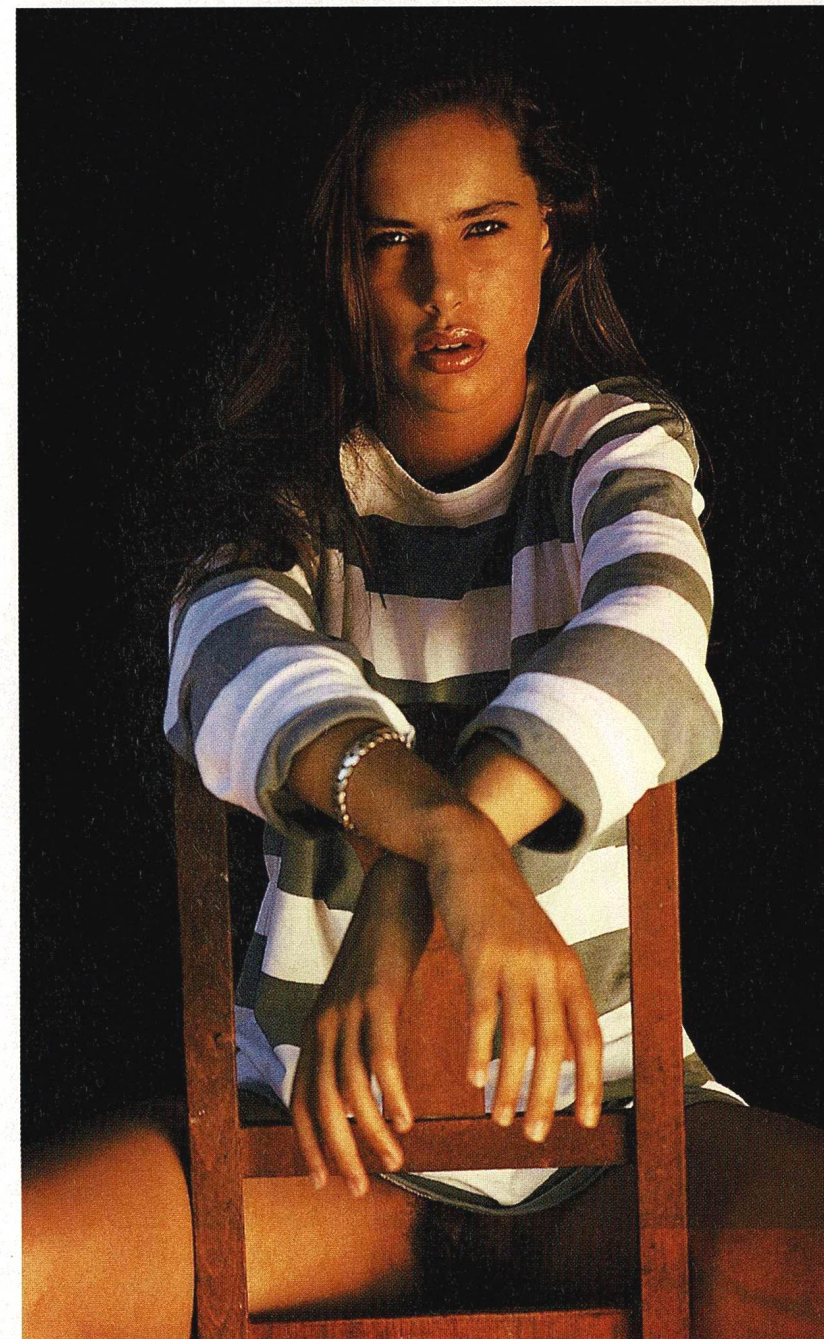
"If you are over the age of 30 you have already caught the fatal disease of ageing. Slight losses of memory are one of the real symptoms of this epidemic terminal illness. We're talking life and death, success and failure."

The importance of fashion in the medical argument cannot be overlooked. Women get silicon implants in their breasts, athletes take steroids and struggling blokes get penile implants. In light of this, Professor Brodaty's contention that "smart drugs are dumb" may not carry much weight in a burgeoning society where smart is cool. 

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Shutter Bug

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

"My father was a photographer for a large newspaper, so becoming a photographer's assistant is the first step in my own career with a camera," says 18-year-old Alex Jamieson.



"I've always been relaxed in front of cameras because I grew up with them all around me," admits the Leo with the 32-24-36 measurements, "and doing this shoot seemed a perfect way to see a nude model's perspective."

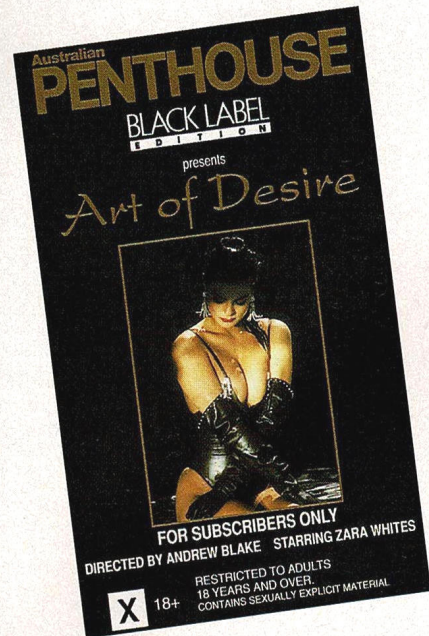


Alex intends specialising in nude photography when she becomes more experienced. "I don't think there's anything wrong with pictures of naked women — it's not sleazy, it's beautiful," she smiles.





Australian Penthouse Black Label Edition Video



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SWINGER'S INK (Rated X)

Yes, this entertaining and raunchy video from VCA is about saving a failing sex magazine using the bed rather than the pen but, no, it is definitely not about *Penthouse*. Starring delicious Tracey Adams and with a running time of 95 minutes, *Swinger's Ink* is great value at only \$35.00.



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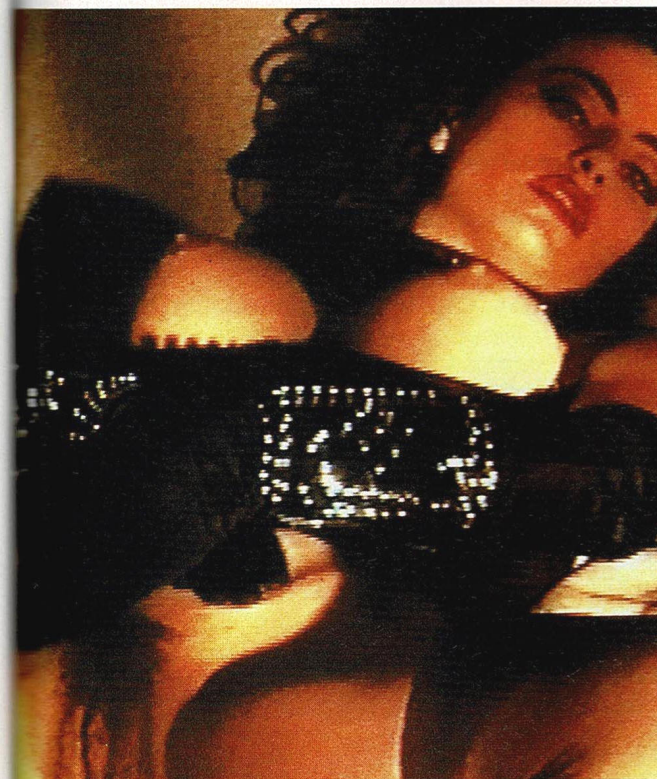
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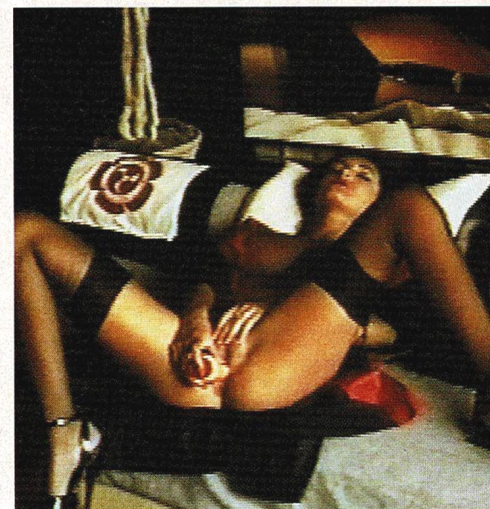


which knows no limits and needs no language other than the universal sounds of arousal and pleasure. Featuring beautiful women whose unbridled sensuality slowly awakens a deep sexual desire which only they know how to satisfy. They have only their own pleasure to consider, with the added spice of bar-



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MISSING

Continued from page 96

sibly the only tangible evidence that supports this theory.

In an article published in the *Sydney Morning Herald* seven days after Rockefeller's disappearance, the co-ordinator of the search, Eibrink Jansen, said New Guinea tribesmen might have hidden Michael Rockefeller in a village to keep his survival a secret.

A book, *Search for Michael Rockefeller*, published in 1972, claimed that in October 1968 "a Tasmanian smuggler" told the editor of a New York magazine that he had seen Rockefeller alive in New Guinea after the search for him had been abandoned.

But the trouble with the "still alive" theory was the lack of anecdotal evidence from the Agat tribespeople who inhabit the hills above the Einlanden River delta. If Rockefeller was alive, these people would know about it.

The problem of getting confirmation from the natives was compounded by their insular nature. The Agats are wary not only of white folk but even of other Irian Jayan tribes. They venture through the Tasmania-sized delta swamps of southern Irian Jaya to trade at the coast for only a few weeks every year before retreating to their highland territory.

However, one of the few white people to have liaised regularly with the Agats is Bruce Hibbard. And in 1970 he was given a clear message by the Agat people that Rockefeller was alive.

Along with assurances of Rockefeller's well-being, the tribespeople gave Hibbard a wood carving representing a western man. The one-metre hardwood carving bore an American-style baseball cap on its head. This, they said, was a tribal record of Rockefeller's arrival. Rockefeller was in the hills living a traditional Agat life.

Hibbard says he believed the natives because they had nothing to gain by fabricating the story.

In his years as a crocodile hunter in New Guinea, he says, he had seen many carvings, but nothing like the one the natives had given him. He asked the Agat many questions about Rockefeller regarding time and distance. However the Agat don't measure in miles or kilometres but by using marks on their arms. Time and place were hard to pinpoint.

If the statue and the conversations with the Agat people were strange, the reception Hibbard got from the Rockefeller family was plain wierd.

On his return to Australia, the croc hunter says, he approached the Rockefeller Foundation representative in Australia and relayed his story. The representative, excited by the carving, cabled the Rockefeller family in the US.

"A cable was wired back about a week later saying the Rockefeller family thought it would be better if the information was never published or released.

"My natural instinct, if my son were missing, would have been to look for him."

Hibbard says he lost interest in the Rockefeller mystery after the cable from

America, and the carving had been under his Byron Bay house ever since.

A Grafton based artist who lived in New Guinea for eight years, James Burns, said, after studying photos of the carving, that it was very unusual. "It has an outstanding head and is a lovely example of that style of carving."

However a Uki man, Ian Downs, who lived in New Guinea for 35 years working as a patrol officer and district commissioner, is not convinced the carving is of Michael Rockefeller.

He says the carving is unusual and obviously had a western character, particularly with the hairstyle and the cap. "But at that time the Dutch part of New Guinea was crawling with people looking for artefacts."

He says he has seen many photos of Michael Rockefeller, but none of him wearing a hat. He had met Rockefeller at a party in New Guinea around 1959-60 and says he was known as an all-American boy — "boisterous but not stupid" — and had a lot of compassion for the natives.

Because of the extensive one-month search and the rough sea conditions, Downs holds firm to his belief that Rockefeller did not make it ashore.

But the validity of Hibbard's story is compelling. The former croc hunter was never a Rockefeller intriguer and had more than 20 years in which to gain publicity or make money out of his story if he wanted to. Indeed, Hibbard's story only came to light in the course of an interview on an entirely unrelated subject. In addition, the experts who disregard the Rockefeller "still alive" theory were largely based in Papua, or "civilised" New Guinea. None of them had intimate knowledge of the delta swamps or the peculiar Agat natives.

The timing of the annual Agat migration to the coast is also consistent with Rockefeller still being alive, says Hibbard. The natives travel by canoe to the coast in late October and return in late November — the same time that the famous American disappeared.

Once living in the hills with the Agat tribes, Rockefeller could easily have kept his existence a secret from the outside world, says Hibbard.

The theory that Rockefeller was eaten by the Agat has been discredited by both Hibbard and Downs, who say the natives did not kill people just to eat them. When a relative died, the family would cut a sliver of flesh from the arm and eat it to absorb the strength of the deceased.

Hibbard says he was initially suspicious when the Agat spoke of Rockefeller being alive. But after discussion with his boss boy and the other natives, as well as the "proof" of the carving, he had no reason to disbelieve their claim. — Madeleine Doherty

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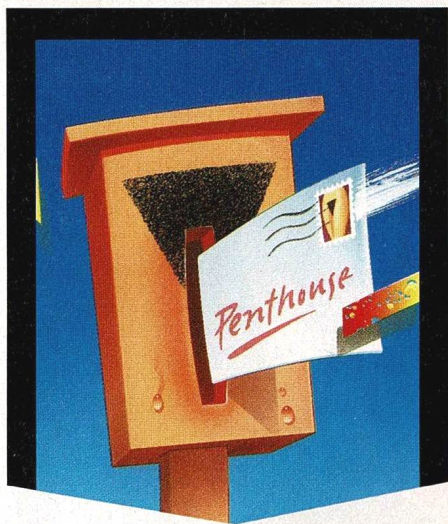
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forum

continued from page 8

My semen poured into the back of Jennie's tight canal while she screamed as her climax overtook her.

We lay there for several minutes until Sandra knocked on our door and asked to use the bathroom. When she entered, I noticed her ample breasts and hairy cunt as she came over to the bed where Jennie and I were lying.

"Made a bit of noise didn't you, Jennie?" she said. Roger, whose prick was flaccid but longer than mine, stood

in the doorway watching and smiling. Sandra began stroking my chest and whispering: "Can you make me moan like Jennie?"

Sandra sat on top of my chest and guided my cock into her hot, wet pussy. Her huge tits were brushing my chest and she motioned for Roger to go around behind her and finger her arse. Sandra leant forward, exposing her puckered derriere to Roger. After he had inserted a finger, she begged him to fuck her at the same time. Jennie couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"I don't know how you can do that," Jennie said. "Lots of practice," was Sandra's gasping reply as Roger popped the head of his moist cock into her arse. Jennie lay down on the bed and fingered herself as she watched her friend get sandwiched.

"You should try this, Jennie," said Sandra between grunts.

"I'd love to," said Jennie. With that, Jennie hopped on to all fours and Roger pulled his cock out of Sandra with an audible pop. I moved under Jennie and slid my cock into her cunt. Roger moved behind her and very slowly worked his head into her arse. Finally, Roger was deep inside Jennie, who was lost in another world.

I could feel his cock pumping her tight canal. It didn't take long for Roger to come and I felt his dick pump semen

into her arse.

Jennie started to come and I followed her within a few seconds. We all collapsed with exhaustion. Sandra had obviously enjoyed our show as she was rubbing herself frantically. Roger noticed, and moved over to her. He spread her cunt wide and licked her to climax.

We must have all crashed because the next thing I knew, sunlight was streaming through the balcony door. I quietly got up to close the curtain.

I showered and made breakfast for everyone. "Just think," Jennie said to Sandra, "we were only going to have a drink and go to the movies. Real life is better, isn't it?"

All four of us smiled, knowing there was no need to reply and plenty more real life to come. — *Name and address withheld*

Kiwi hospitality

It was just another trip to Christchurch, the garden city of New Zealand. I was staying in my usual hotel and was glad to return there at the end of the first day. I took a nap and when I woke up, I found that it was past eight o'clock. Feeling hungry, I went down to the restaurant for some food.

I was greeted by a hostess who quite took my breath away with her looks. She was a willowy blonde with long, curly hair. I would put her at about 5'7"

with a 35-24-35 figure. She was dressed in a black mini-skirt which must have been about 20cm high above the knee but still she had more thigh to come! Her backside was full and rounded — something I could not ignore as she walked ahead of me.

The meal went quickly and because it was a quiet night I was able to converse with this young lady, whose name was Kathy. It turned out that we had some things in common such as running, sailing and skiing. There was real chemistry between us that I had not experienced for years and it seemed only natural to arrange to meet for a drink.

I went up to my room and showered. To my surprise a knock sounded on the door while I was drying. Wrapping a towel around myself I opened the door to find Kathy there. I apologised and asked her in while I got dressed. I returned to the bathroom and was towelling off when I felt a cool draught on my back. Turning around I was greeted by the sight of Kathy standing there in her underwear. This consisted of a half-cup bra, high-cut bikini pants, suspender-belt and white stockings. The underwear was all in a delicious shade of burgundy.

Her body was everything I had imagined — ivory-skinned, firm and curvy. I made a feeble attempt to cover my

penis but the laughing look in her eyes made me realise the futility of this gesture. "I don't know about you," she said, "but I really want to fuck." Her brazenness took me aback, but I was happy to agree. She came towards me and started gently kissing my face and chest while running her hands down my back. I could feel her full breasts and her thighs pressing against me.

She worked her way down to my penis, which was now at half-mast. She ran her fingers through my pubic hair and around my heavy balls. Then, with excruciating slowness, she stroked up the shaft to my glans. My cock rapidly hardened until it was quivering against my belly. Kathy held my gaze and slowly, deliberately, dropped to her knees in front of me. With an expert tongue she licked up and down the length of my shaft before easing the head into her voluptuous mouth. The sensation was incredible. While she sucked strongly on the head, she held both her hands around the shaft and pumped up and down. My own hands clutched at her blonde tresses as the ecstasy mounted.

"I'm going to come," I gasped as my balls contracted and surged. At the last moment Kathy lifted her mouth off so that the spurts of creamy sperm shot out to spray her full breasts. Staying on her knees, Kathy smiled up at me

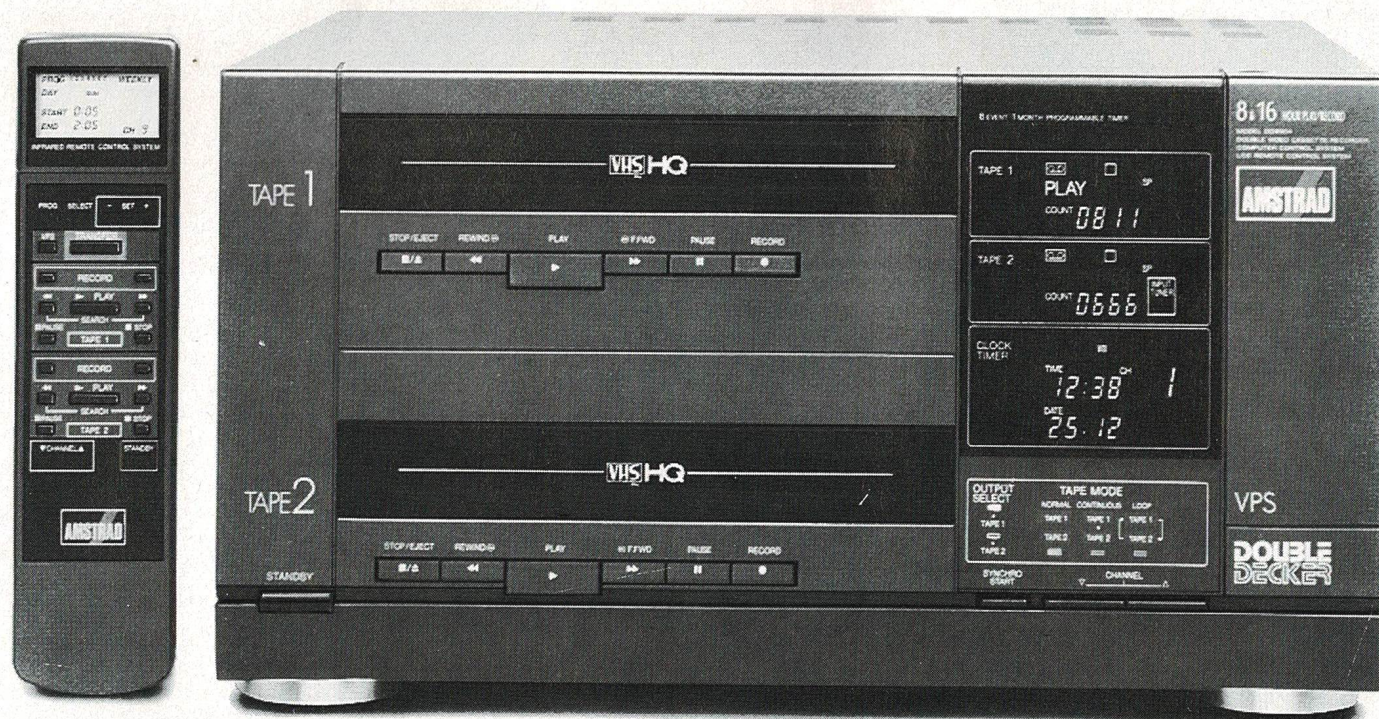
and removed her bra. "I want you to lick your come off me," she said.

I knelt down and ran my tongue over her tits to the protruding nipples. She shuddered as I took each nipple into my mouth in turn and bit gently on them. My come was now running down her chest and stomach and I began to lick it up. I was surprised at the pleasant taste and found myself getting horny again at the thought of what I was doing with a woman who was a total stranger to me.

Kathy lay back on the bathroom floor so that I was able to get better access to her belly. Her legs were spread each side of me and I now had a good view of her cunt through her sheer panties. I eased the gusset of her panties to one side so that I had a view of her wet slit which was swollen with lust. Lifting her buttocks up with my hands, I got to work on her cunt with my tongue, pushing it into her hole and licking up to her clit. This set her writhing around and moaning with obvious pleasure. Looking up over her stomach, I could see her pinching her nipples with both hands as her chest heaved with excitement.

I set up a rhythm on her clit and was rewarded with a massive climax from her with juice oozing out of her cunt to coat my face and her inner thighs. She lay back for a few moments

▶▶ SO ADVANCED IT



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forum

to catch her breath. I knelt up and gazed down on a picture of beauty, stiff nipples and a swollen, juicy cunt just begging to be filled with my cock.

Kathy sat up on her elbows and grinned at me. "Now let's see what you can really do," she said. She got up on her knees and turned around so that her arse was facing me. Pussy juice covered the inside of her thighs and the G-string panties somehow looked more sexy than if she had been naked. Kathy rested her forearms on the tile floor, spread her knees and arched her back so that her arse pointed up at me. Pushing her pants over one rounded buttock, I moved in between her legs and aimed my stiff, drooling cock at her fuck-hole. I am quite well endowed and she was quite tight, so it took a firm shove to get the head inside her. It was a silken, warm, wet, tight cunt and I was in heaven as I slid my length in to the full until my balls were resting against her clit.

Soon I was fucking her steadily and Kathy was pushing her arse back against my loins in time with my thrusting. Her cunt was making slurping noises as I powered in and out. My cockshaft was coated with her cunt slime and shone in the light every time it emerged from

her musky depths. Her juice was gathering in a squishy wet circle around the base of my cock in my pubic hair.

I was grasping her hips and pulling my shaft so far out that the tip was almost falling out. I revelled in the sight of the curve of her back and her full breasts swinging to and fro as our bodies rocked in intercourse. I felt my climax approaching and stepped up the pace, thrusting my rock-hard cock into her willing cunt again and again.

Kathy was really into talking dirty: "Fuck me, you bastard, fill me with cock, fuck my cunt, I'm open for your cock, come in me, deep in me, fill me with your cream, I want to be fucked, fucked, fucked."

I was almost over the top now. Her buttocks were shaking and quivering every time I hit them with my loins. Her back was arched as she went into orgasm. I could see her pink, puckered arsehole contracting as she climbed the heights of sexual fulfilment. But even more, could I feel her greedy, tight cunt as it clamped around my cock.

The first contraction coincided with my cock being almost fully withdrawn. Thus her lips tightened around the glans. This set me off and I pushed slowly, deeply, into her cunt, coming all the time. The sensation is incredible, and one I have practised before. As I thrust, my cock was pushing through my own

come as it pumped out.

Finally, when I was buried to the hilt, my peak climax came and I roared with lust as a great spurt of come shot into Kathy. All this time she was orgasming and the repeated clenching of her already-tight cunt around my cock was fantastic.

When, after some time I finally pulled out my still-hard cock, I sat back and stared with awe at Kathy's upturned arse. Her cunt lips were gaping and a combination of sperm and juice dribbled out. Her whole arse and thighs were heavily coated in juice. I put my hand between her legs and scooped up the wetness, smearing it over her breasts and my chest, through her hair and behind her ears, over her lips and mine, so that we smelt all over of sweet, creamy, musky sex. Truly, it was a night to remember! — Name and address withheld O.T.

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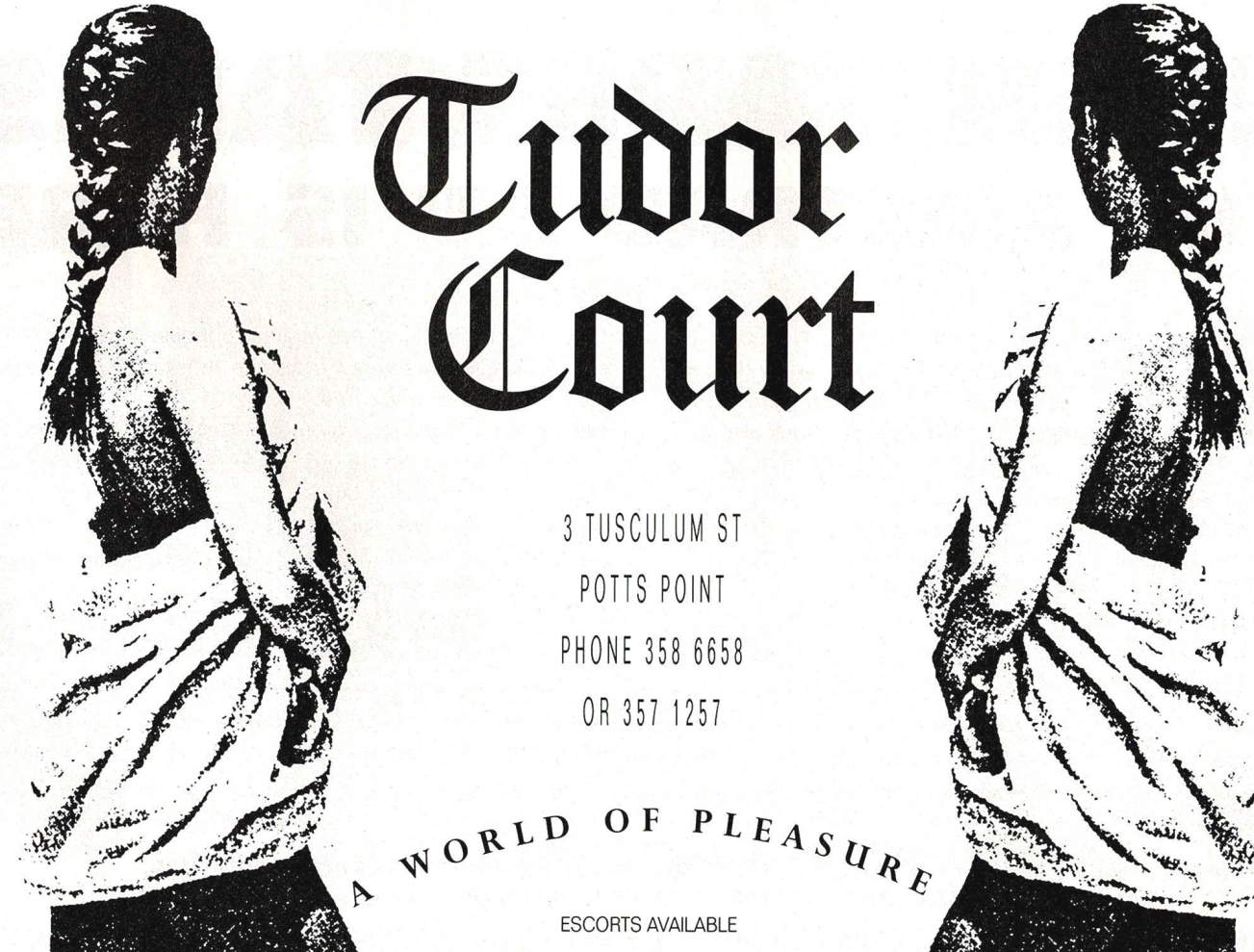
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What'll it be Sir!



BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Stripper's thrill

Recently, my wife Annette and I took a trip to Melbourne so I could take care of some business and she could do some shopping. Well, my dream of seeing my wife fuck another man was about to come true. One night, without her knowledge, I arranged for a male stripper to arrive at our hotel room shortly after dinner.

I told Annette that I had a surprise for her, and had her sit in a chair on the far side of the room. I had excused myself during dinner, met the stripper, Ted, and paid him in the bathroom. Annette was sitting in the chair with her eyes closed while I got my camera ready. When I said "now", Ted came out dressed in tight gold pants with his music playing and started dancing toward Annette.

My wife's smile got so big it lit up her whole face. She leaned back and yelled: "All right!"

Ted danced right up to her and after a few minutes, he had her grab the front of his pants. Then he stepped back and off they came, leaving only his G-string and tanned body.

Annette was really hot. We had had a bottle of wine with dinner and now here was this 24-year-old stud with his crotch right in her face and me taking pictures. Ted placed Annette's hands on his arse while he danced, rotating his crotch just inches from her face.

With my wife's hands still on his arse, Ted reached down and started playing with her tits through her blouse. My cock was hard as a rock and Annette was hotter than I had ever seen her in the ten years we had been married.

A new song came on and Ted slipped Annette's shirt off, exposing her nice breasts. Then he removed his G-string, revealing his fully erect penis. Annette eyed me, I nodded "yes" and she just beamed. She leant down the few centimetres to Ted's cock and rested her lips on the tip of his big purple head. Then she wrapped her hand around it and started jacking him off, telling him how nice it was.

Then, to my happy surprise (I wasn't

sure when I planned this if she would enjoy it), Annette plunged her mouth down over Ted's cock until her nose touched his pubic hair. Ted obviously loved it, as he moaned out loud. I loved it too, and Annette was moaning and sucking him all the way down — she was in sex heaven.

After five minutes of getting his pole sucked, Ted raised her up and led her to the bed, where she lay down. He massaged the inside of her thighs, teasing her, then spread her lips and began to lick her dripping pussy. I've never seen her so wet — she was actually dripping on to the bed.

Annette was rubbing herself and she begged Ted to carry on. He smiled and carried on licking her out, sensuously and slowly until she was on the verge of coming. Then he invited her to roll over on to her hands and knees, and knelt behind her.

Ted lined his cock up at my wife's tunnel. She was still wet and her lips were swollen and pink. Ted plunged his big cock deep into her pussy in one hard stroke. Then he began to fuck her.

Annette, being fucked from behind by this young stud, was loving every minute — and every inch — of it. She was groaning and pushing her cunt back to meet Ted's every thrust.

I had removed all my clothes, but I was still taking pictures. Annette was

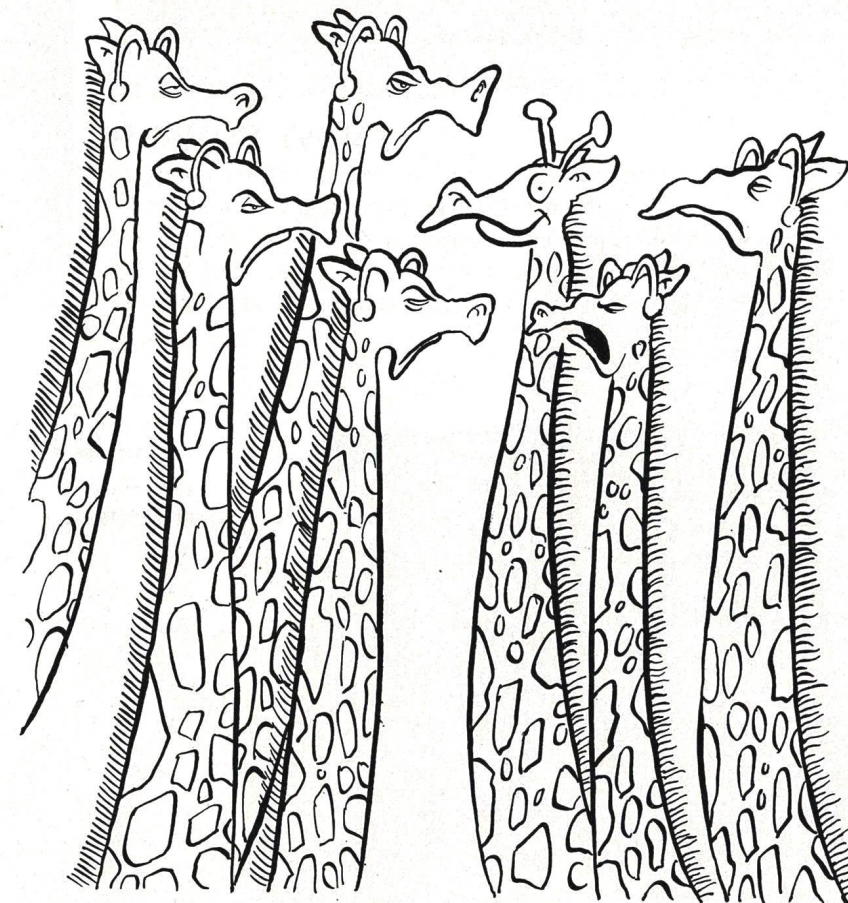
playing with her tits while Ted fucked her from behind. Ted told me to feed her some cock, so I moved around to the front and asked my wife how she liked it. Annette looked up at me and said: "It's wonderful, I love it. Give me your cock."

I placed my cock in her mouth and while Ted fucked her, she ate me. The sight of Annette getting fucked from behind while bobbing up and down on my cock was too much — I came like never before. Just as I was shooting come down my wife's throat, Ted pulled out and I watched him spurt long arcs of come all over my wife's arse and back.

Afterwards, Ted went into the bathroom to clean up, and Annette grabbed me and said: "Thank you, that was great, and I love you for doing it."

Later she said that she'd had no idea what she'd been missing and that her new motto was: "Double your pleasure, double your fun — two cocks are better than one."

When it was over, we all sat around and talked for a while before Ted bade us good night. I gave him an extra-big tip, but I got the better end of the deal. Annette was so hot that we fucked three more times, then she fucked herself with a dildo. And the pictures turned out great, too. — Name and address withheld



"Guess who farted."

loose ends

PUT THE BEDS IN A CIRCLE

Ramsgate antiques has just received a shipment of antique cast-iron beds from Pennsylvania. They say the beds are similar to those featured in John Wayne movies and were most likely used in real Western brothels. Truly? "Ya better believe it, or ya dead where ya stand." For more information phone (02) 529 9672.



SNOW SURFER

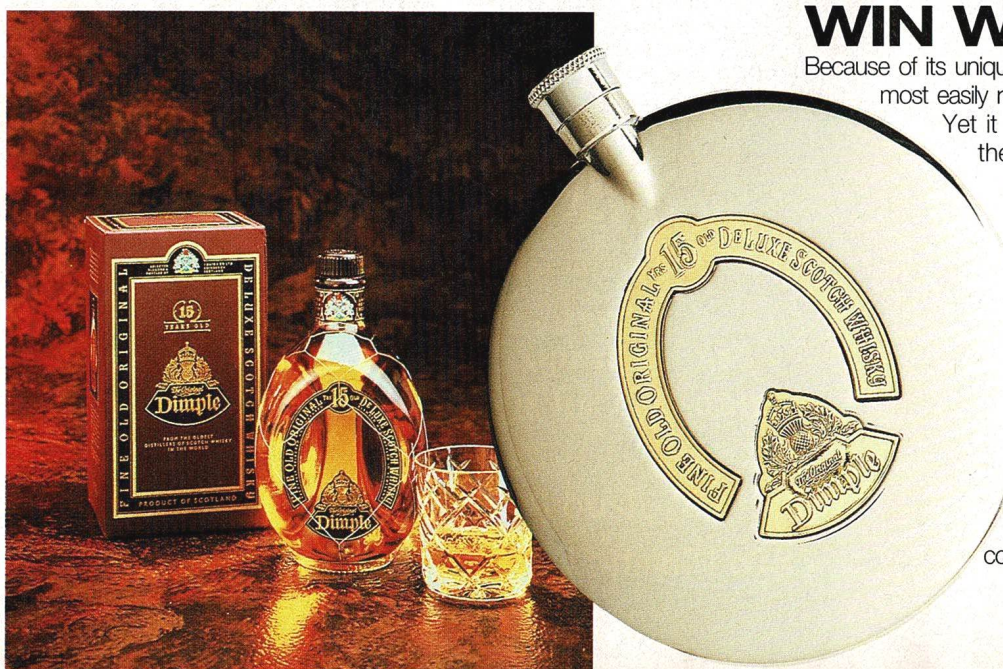
Hooger Booger titles three of its snow boards with the evocative names of Blaster, Grinder and Booster. Each board is designed for specific snow conditions and experience. Yet like their names, the purpose of each board remains the same — good, hard fun. For more information contact Winterski Imports, (02) 773 4975.



WIN WITH DIMPLE

Because of its uniquely shaped bottle, Dimple is one of the most easily recognised scotch whiskies in the world. Yet it spends only a short part of its life in the bottle — the first 15 years is spent maturing in oak barrels.

To win one of five hand-crafted Dimple hip flasks, simply write the answer to the following question, along with your name and address on the back of an envelope and send it to: Dimple Competition, Marketing, United Distillers Australia, PO Box 165, Rosebery NSW 2018. How long is Dimple matured for? Entries close last mail on Friday, September 25, 1992. Winners will be published in a forthcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse*.



ADVENTURE WALK

Adidas have just released what they call an "adventure shoe." They define adventure as: "Being outdoors, discovering you own surroundings, experiencing the forces of nature, both great and gentle, and testing your own limits." Obviously you'll need a good pair of shoes. Pictured here is the Adidas Whistler. Priced at \$170 and available from all good shoe stores, it's a must for the intrepid explorer.

WIN WITH SERGIO

Former Italian tennis champion Sergio Tacchini, whose designer sportswear is worn by greats like Pat Cash and Gabriella Sabatini, has turned his hand to men's fragrances. *Australian Penthouse* offers its readers a chance to win one of 25 gift packs, each worth more than \$100, containing Tacchini aftershave, cologne, shampoo and a unique Tacchini T-shirt.

Just put your name and address on the back of an envelope, and send it to: Sergio Competition *Australian Penthouse* PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. The first 25 correct entries drawn will win. Entries close last mail on Friday, September 25, 1992. Winners will be published in an upcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse*.



AND THE WINNER IS...

Wayne Vidler of Villawood, NSW is the winner of the Pet Of The Year Poll featured in the January issue of *Australian Penthouse*. Wayne was the first voter selected who correctly nominated Sue-Ellen Underwood as *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. As a prize, Wayne receives a Yamaha CDX-450 CD player.

SIMPLY A MUSTO

Musto Australia is the market leader in well-designed nautical gear that keeps you warm and dry and looks good as well. Musto has recently bought out the competition, Line 7, and has brought its high standards to bear on the Line 7 range. Featured here is the Line 7 light-weight sailing or all-weather jacket. It has reinforced shoulders, net lining which decreases the weight and allows the circulation of air, but is watertight and snug. It costs \$175 from Musto Australia, (02) 360 5455.





Miss Australia Bodybuilder, Alison Eyre.

INSIDE OCTOBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Tow-truck Town — They circle like vultures, scavenge like a pack of hyenas and always catch motorists in their worst possible moments. They are the towies, and in the traffic bedlam of Sydney there are precious few motorists who have not had to deal with this much-derided breed. In next month's *Australian Penthouse*, we let the Sydney towies have their say.

Nightlife — In the October issue of *Penthouse* we follow Sydney's Mike Mansfield to the Gold Coast for the sixth instalment in our Nightlife series. But Mike isn't interested in nightclubs or chasing women. He's a professional gambler who, over a 30-hour blackjack session, takes his highs and lows, wins and losses, but always comes out on top.

Domestics — If you can't talk to your partner about sex, money and family without it leading to a boots-and-all argument, then you're not alone. But help is at hand. In next month's *Australian Penthouse* humourist Jean Norman takes a sidelong look at domestics: why they happen, techniques for solving them and why no-one ever wins anyway.

Rebel With A Cause — Alison Eyre, the current Miss Australia Bodybuilder, has spent ten years living only for bodybuilding. At the peak of success, she woke up one morning and decided she'd had enough. Catch up with Alison, a rebel with a cause, in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

MOTORING

Continued from page 22

Japan and the US earlier this year. The less-than-rapturous reception has meant that Honda is attempting an 11th-hour finetuning of the models before they go into production. Risky business, that.

The present line-up is also undergoing an overhaul. Honda has identified a total of 70 faults in the latest Civic which has contributed to the too-high noise and harshness levels. The remedies are in the works but the question must be asked: Why was the car launched in such an underdone fashion?

The Prelude, too, has been criticised for its unattractive triangular tailgates and *Star-Wars* dash which was inspired - according to Honda - by the lights of Toyko from the piano bar at the top of the Keio Plaza hotel. The drinks served there are obviously potent.

The new CRX, released in Australia mid-May, reflects the confusion evident in recent designs. Technically it is quite advanced, with the marvellously-enthusiastic V-TEC engine a standout. But the handling is not crisp and the styling rather unfortunate.

Locally, the wholly-owned subsidiary Honda Australia is making valiant, but not always correct moves to get the marque back on the rails.

Sales slumped towards the end of the Eighties when buyers balked at premium-priced new cars while the likes of Nissan, Mitsubishi and Toyota started tossing quality, cheaper alternatives into the market. Even with the economy in decline, Honda failed to see the folly of asking top dollar for what had become, in many instances, mundane fare.

The introduction late last year of the all-new Prelude model marked a refreshing change in attitude. It was priced very competitively although this was perhaps a concession that the Prelude was not a stunning car.

Local Honda boys still make mistakes, none bigger than their decision not to take the exciting hi-tech, V-Tec engine in the latest Civic (you know, the all-new model that looks much like the old one). "Too costly" was their reasoning. So Australia got the old engines, some with carburetors. We also got a down-spec thing called the Breeze, powered by a 1.30-litre engine that wouldn't pull leaves off a gum tree.

We long-time admirers of Honda haven't given up hope. Honda can do it - witness the quite wonderful NSX sports car. The original NSX was spectacular; the upgraded Evolution NSX is even better. The world is crazy. Honda can make marvels like the NSX but just as quickly slips back into mediocrity with the Civic, Concerto and Integra. Come on, you guys. — Peter Mckay

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